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THE
BRITISH POETS.

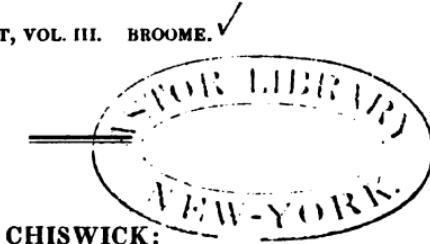
INCLUDING

TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XXXIX.

SWIFT, VOL. III. BROOME. ✓



CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

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1822.



THE
POEMS
OF
SWIFT, VOL. III.—AND BROOME.

Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



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THE
POEMS
OF
Jonathan Swift.

VOL. III.







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London.

POEMS
OR
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Miscellanies.

TO LOVE.

IN all I wish how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder ! were it not for thee ?
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise,
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare,
Where held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But what does most my indignation move,
Discretion ! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love ;
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts :
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away ;

Those darts which never fail ; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipp'd with lead :
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats ;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, cursed Discretion ! all the fault was thine.
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds betwixt those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons ;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then gentle Venus ! to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone ;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WROTE UPON A VERY
OLD GLASS OF

SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL Glass ! thou mortal art as well as I,
Though none can tell which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal ; but thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.



VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
 Of her entirely English heart,
 For want of which, by way of botch,
 She pieced it up again with Scotch.
 Bless'd revolution ! which creates
 Divided hearts, united states !
 See how the double nation lies,
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frieze ;
 As if a man, in making posies,
 Should bundle thistles up with roses :
 Who ever yet a union saw
 Of kingdoms, without faith or law ?
 Henceforward let no statesman dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare,
 Lest he should call our commonweal
 A vessel with a double keel ;
 Which, just like our's, new rigged and manned,
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide :
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails ;
 To talk of me she never fails :
 Now hang me, but, for all her art,
 I find that I have gain'd her heart.

My proof is this : I plainly see
 The case is just the same with me ;
 I curse her every hour sincerely,
 Yet hang me but I love her dearly.

MR. JASON HASSARD,

A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, PUT UP THE SIGN OF THE
 GOLDEN FLEECE, AND DESIRED A MOTTO IN VERSE.

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,
 From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece ;
 We comb the wool, refine the stuff ;
 For modern Jasons that's enough.
 Oh ! could we tame yon watchful Dragon¹,
 Old Jason would have less to brag on.

THE AUTHOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days, alone I dine
 Upon a chick and pint of wine :
 On rainy days, I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone :
 But this my servants much enrages :
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often spunge upon a friend ;
 Yet where he's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so Good b'y.'—

¹ England.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders ;
 Nor thought to find so great a peer,
 Ere a week pass'd, committing blunders :

Till on a day cut out by Fate,
 When folk came thick to make their court,
 Out slipp'd a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport.

Now enters Bush¹ with new state-airs,
 His lordship's premier minister,
 And who, in all profound affairs,
 Is held as needful as his clyster.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, ' Who is that ?'

With this he put up to my lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due ;
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word,
 Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now my lord and Bush
 Whispering in junto most profound,
 Like good King Phyz and good King Ush²,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.

¹ My lord's wise secretary.
² Vide The Rehearsal.

At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute;

To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
For, sure, thought he, it can't be less.

‘ My lord, (said Bush) a friend and I,
Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy
How markets went, for hay and oats.’

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then with a congee circumflex
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

Our listener stood a while confused,
But, gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused
By two such whispering kings of Brentford!

THE PROBLEM.

THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS WHEN
HE'S IN LOVE.

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex ?
So sweet a passion who would think
Jove ever form'd to make a stink ?
The ladies vow and swear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind, and from before ;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws,
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin ;
So when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
Beside all this, deep scholars know
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut,
Now to a nobler office put ;
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t— ;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a—.

Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude Love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude, the bow relax'd again.

And now the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment;
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—t;
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My, lord on fire amidst the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames,
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the backway to his heart;
For as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—ted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another:
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, 'Whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.'
'You smell the stink! by G—, you lie,'
Quoth Ross; 'for I'll be sworn 'twas I.'
'Ladies,' quoth Levens, 'pray forbear,
Let's not fall out; we all had share!
And by the most I can discover,
My lord's an universal lover.'

ON A PRINTER'S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE BY —

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves ;
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey ;
 Where every trout can make as high rants
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
 And swagger while the coast is clear ;
 But should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud.
 Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach,
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

 ON
 THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCH-YARD OF CASTLEKNOCK.

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
 The grey old fellow, Poet Joe¹,
 The philosophic cause will show.

Once on a time a western blast
 At least twelye inches overcast,
 Reckoning roof, weather-cock, and all,
 Which came with a prodigious fall,

¹ Mr. Beaumont of Trim,

And tumbling topsyturvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground ;
For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile ;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock ;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple Knock; the vicar, Walls².

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin :
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out ;
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle
This building was design'd a model,
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it:

‘ All that you make this stir about
 Is but a still, which wants a spout.’
 The reverend Dr. Raymond guest
 More probably than all the rest ;
 He said, ‘ but that it wanted room,
 It might have been a pigmy’s tomb.’
 The Doctor’s family came by,
 And little miss began to cry,
 ‘ Give me that house in my own hand :’
 Then madam bade the chariot stand,
 Call’d to the clerk, in manner mild,
 ‘ Pray, reach that thing here, to the child ;
 That thing, I mean, among the kale ;
 And here’s to buy a pot of ale.’
 The clerk said to her, in a heat,
 ‘ What ! sell my master’s country-seat,
 Where he comes every week from town ?
 He would not sell it for a crown.’
 ‘ Poh ! fellow ! keep not such a pother,
 In half an hour thou’lt make another.’
 Says Nancy, ‘ I can make for miss
 A finer house ten times than this :
 The Dean will give me willow sticks,
 And Joe, my apron full of bricks.’

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

TO SHERIDAN’S VERSES UPON STEALING A CROWN
 WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
 Steals from the cully when he’s drunk,
 Nor is contented with a treat,
 Without her privilege to cheat :

Nor can I the least difference find,
 But that you left no clap behind.
 But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
 My twelve thirteens¹ and sixpence ha'penny.
 To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly cut——
 But 'tis observed that men in gowns
 Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
 Could you but change a crown as easy
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
 I thought the lady at St. Cath'rine's²
 Knew how to set you better patterns;
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham³,
 And for his victuals let a rag-man dish 'em.

Saturday night.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
 Of Gallstown lads (for such they are)
 Besides a brace of grave divines,
 Adore the smoothness of thy lines,
 Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
 Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
 Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
 Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
 The board on which we set our a—s,
 Is not so smooth as are thy verses,

¹ An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

² Lady Mountcashel.

³ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great esteem.

Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced ;
Thus, a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in,
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together :
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar :
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dove-tail'd, like a box.
Thy Muse is tuck'd up and succinct :
In chains thy syllables are link'd :
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx ;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind :
So in the kindred painters' art
The shortening is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages !
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points :
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,

Wherein they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number, and weight and measure, join ;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrine in the close,
Long, long, long, long ! like Dan's long nose.

A REBUS,

WRITTEN BY A LADY¹ ON THE REVEREND DEAN SWIFT.

CUT the name of the man who his mistress denied,
And let the first of it be only applied
To join with the prophet who David did chide ;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast,
And that which deserves to be first put the last ;
Spell all then, and put them together to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state ;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great ;
Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

¹ Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

THE

DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
 I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
 On so mean a design, and a subject so low :
 For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
 The first but a rebus, the last but a Dean.
 A Dean's but a parson ; and what is a rebus ?
 A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus ;
 The corruption of verse; for when all is done,
 It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
 But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
 It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
 By reading this trifle I quickly began
 To find her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.
 Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough ;
 So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
 Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
 Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
 Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text.
 Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
 And what she describes to be merit is treason.
 The changes which faction has made in the state,
 Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date ;
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
 And should he write pamphlets, no great man
 would read 'em :
 And should Want or Desert stand in need of his aid,
 This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

WRITTEN BY

THE REV. D.R. SWIFT
ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum
Quod magè mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown ;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

AN ANSWER
TO A CERTAIN DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.
ANS. Except the first, the fault's your own.
DOC. To all my friends a burthen grown.
ANS. Because to few you will be shown.

Give them good wine and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

Doc. No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:

Ans. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

Doc. At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

Ans. Think then of thunder when you f—t.

Doc. And, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

Ans. A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder,
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

PROBATUS ALITER.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and a woman of Endor;
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast and Flander's college
Is Dr. T——l, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast, in mad to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputtering old Whig,
I wish he were in it and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest or jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there's nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.

TOM'S METAMORPHOSIS

INTO A POET AND SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danced to his own jig ;
Good-natured, but a little silly,
Irresolute, and shally shilly ;
What he should do he could not guess
They moved him like a man at chess.
Swift told him once that he had wit ;
Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit ;
Thought himself son of second Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallow'd so much water down,
He got a dropsy : now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes,
And all the liquor he has pass'd,
Is without spirit, salt, or taste.
But since it pass'd, Tom thought it wit,
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
He writ The Wonder of all Wonders,
He writ The Blunder of all Blunders ;
He writ A Merry Farce for Poppet,
Taught actors how to squeak and hop it ;

A Treatise on the Wooden Man¹ ;
 A Ballad on the Nose of Dan² ;
 The Art of making April Fools,
 And four-and-thirty Punning Rules.
 The learned say, that Tom went snacks
 With philomaths for almanacks ;
 Though they divided are, and some say
 He writ for Whaley, some for Campsay³.
 Hundreds there are who will make oath
 He wrote alternately for both ;
 For though they made the calculations,
 Tom writ the monthly observations.
 Such were his writings; but his chatter
 Was one continued clitter clatter.
 Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,
 Cry ' Cup of sack,' and, ' Walk, knaves, walk ;'
 And fitted little prating Poll
 For wiry cage in common hall ;
 Made him expert at quibble jargon,
 And quaint at selling of a bargain.
 Poll he could talk in different linguos,
 But he could never learn distinguos.
 Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat;
 Into a spaniel turn'd his parrot;
 Made him to walk on his hind legs,
 And now he dances, fawns, and begs ;
 Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
 Lies close, will whine, and creek, and lick,
 Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
 Poor Tom he dares not look about;
 But soon as Swift once gives the word,
 He snaps it up, though 'twere a t—d.

¹ The sign of a Wooden Man in Essex Street, Dublin.

² A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.

³ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

ON

THE HERMITAGE AT RICHMOND.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
 And raised the scientific head ;
 Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
 Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION

DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAM, AND SENT TO
 THE DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
 Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head ;
 And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
 To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
 I wonder, good man ! that you are not envaulted ;
 Prithee go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter ;
 And yet she would raise me, I know—by a halter,

**BILLET
TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.**

The enclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the Secretary's not suffering you to act unless you would pay him *300l. per ann.* upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the playhouse and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town,
And with a licence from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king,
We humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in town? 'tis plaguy dear.
Now here's a warrant; Gallants! please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.

Three hundred pounds ! were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six
A score of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place
May cost a crown or so ; a common case :
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat ;
But in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages ?

I pity Elrington with all my heart :
Would he were here this night, to act my part.
I told him what it was to be a stroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller.
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a licence, then produce our ware :
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum ;
'Huzza ! (the schoolboys roar) the players are
come !'

And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
'Gallants ! by Tuesday next we must be gone.'
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good :
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Weeks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours ; here intends to stay,
And as a stroller act in every play :
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes ;
Not frightened with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.

A pox on Elrington's majestic tone !
Now to a word of business in our own.

Gallants! next Thursday night will be our last;
 Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfast :
 Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
 The next we act shall be as good as this.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF
CASHEL AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick! prithee tell by what passion you move;
 The world is in doubt whether hatred or love ;
 And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
 They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
 You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
 His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier :
 Then prithee reflect, take a word of advice,
 And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice :
 On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very best way,
 And say of the man, what all honest men say.
 But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
 If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
 Say then more than they ; nay, lavishly flatter,
 'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter ;
 For thine, my dear Dick ! give me leave to speak
 plain,
 Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
 That you, who know music no more than an ass,
 That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
 Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers ?

To act such an opera once in a year,
 So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
 With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
 Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
 No Protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
 Durst there show his right or most reverend face :
 How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
 To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchetts ?

The rest is wanting.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

LEST it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.

By disputing I will never
 To convince you once endeavour.

When a paradox you stick to,
 I will never contradict you.

When I talk, and you are heedless,
 I will show no anger needless.

When your speeches are absurd,
 I will ne'er object a word.

When you, furious, argue wrong,
 I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

Not a jest or humorous story
 Will I ever tell before ye,
 To be chidden for explaining,
 When you quite mistake the meaning.

Never more will I suppose
 You can taste my verse or prose.

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.

Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice;
Which, if you in scorn reject,
Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

ROBIN AND HARRY¹.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse,
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue as in estate,
And ere a twelvemonth and a day
Will not have one new thing to say.

¹ These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie,
and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.

Much talking is not Harry's vice ;
He need not tell a story twice ;
And if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.

It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And with his dame the ocean cross'd,
All for Love ; or, The World well Lost ;
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in ;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum ;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse,
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress wórt five thousand pound ;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her,
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux ;
But when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state ;
From gold brocade and shining armour
Was metamorphosed to a farmer,
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd,
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,

Clad in a coat of Paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life,
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side while this picture I draw :
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw ;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle ;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed ;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit :
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern ;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan ?

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine ;
And I must confess, as a Dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all Nine.
I nicely examined them every line,

And the worst of them all, like a barn-door, did
shine. [thine!]

Oh ! that Jove would give me such a talent as
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine;
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catherine¹,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a
swine.

With me you 'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor, after your victuals, lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine;
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don 't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square or in opposite, circle or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne,
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine,
But if too many come your madam will whine,
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a Pasquine.

¹ The seat of Lady Mountcashel, about six miles from Dublin.

THE DEAN AND DUKE.

JAMES BRIDGES and the Dean had long been friends;

James, is beduked: of course their friendship ends.
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
Yet since just Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.

Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.

Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry, [bum free.
From bailiffs' claws thou scarce couldst keep thy
A Duke to know a Dean! Go, smooth thy crown;
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; so pleased the king:
Oh! would his majesty but add a string.

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad laticis inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit unâ.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus äera mordet.

VERSES

ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send;
 With this let your collection end.
 Thus I consign you down to fame,
 A character, to praise or blame;
 And if the whole may pass for true,
 Contented rest, you have your due;
 Give future times the satisfaction
 To leave one handle for detraction.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
 How to vex and how to please;
 But the folly of her sex
 Makes her sole delight, to vex.
 Never woman more devised
 Surer ways to be despised;
 Paradoxes weakly yielding,
 Always conquer'd, never yielding.
 To dispute her chief delight,
 With not one opinion right:
 Thick her arguments she lays on,
 And with cavils combats reason;
 Answers in decisive way,
 Never hears what you can say;
 Still her odd perverseness shows
 Chiefly where she nothing knows,
 And where she is most familiar,
 Always peevisher and sillier;

All her spirits in a flame,
When she knows she's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles :
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance ;
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her ;
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her :
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault,
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her ;
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she's right ;
She may then grow wise for spite.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learn'd her creed ;
She's too cunning and too skilful
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors :
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful,
This is flattering and delightful ;
That she throws away as foul,
Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you ;
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee,

THE

PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
 A rich divine began to woo
 A handsome young imperious girl,
 Nearly related to an earl.
 Her parents and her friends consent;
 The couple to the temple went.
 They first invite the Cyprian queen,
 'Twas answer'd, she would not be seen;
 The Graces next, and all the Muses,
 Were bid in form; but sent excuses.
 Juno attended at the porch,
 With farthing-candle for a torch,
 While Mrs. Iris held her train,
 The faded bow distilling rain;
 Then Hebe came, and took her place,
 But show'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
 In mirth the wedding-day was spent:
 The wedding-day, you take me right;
 I promise nothing for the night.
 The bridegroom dress'd, to make a figure
 Assumes an artificial vigour;
 A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
 His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
 Like the faint red upon a pippin,
 Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair;
 The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
 But, what I gladly would forget,
 The swain is old, the nymph coquette.

Both from the goal together start,
Scarce run a step before they part,
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds ;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass, consults her looks ;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord ! what a dress these parsons wear !
So odd a choice how could she make ?
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake :
Then on her fingers' ends she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
'The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day ;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.'

At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea and talk with fops ;
Or calls a council of her maids
And tradesmèn, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four ;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who used to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone ;
In threadbare gown would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like a chaplain of his household ;
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace ;

He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain ;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Can'st thou imagine, dull divine !
Twill gain her love to make her fine ?
Hath she no other wants beside ?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she 'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hastening to the ball;
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers ;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in ;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado,
And shall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company so soon :
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried :
The cause, alas ! is quickly guess,
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath ;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific notion,
That mix'd with Achelous's spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain,
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught,
Then fled, and left his horn behind
For husbands, past their youth, to find ;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn
To drink in Achelous's horn :
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent.
His money spent! a clownish reason ;
And must my lady slip her season ?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was bribed to make the Dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case,

With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise ;
His money and her time employs,
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
Or in the cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there ;
Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years :
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So I have seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen,
But when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle :
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not a heir, but gets a fever.

A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less ?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms ;
New lovers now will come in swarms.
Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign !
Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace ;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores ;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted p—x to last for ever.

THE BROKEN MUG.

A TALE.

How shall I now the Nine invoke,
Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
Then let my sorrows have some vent
Proportion'd to my discontent.
In all affairs of human life,
So intermix'd with joy and strife,
My Mug still sweeten'd all my care,
My sorrows still were drowned there :
This, with an honest jolly friend,
To anxious thoughts could put an end,
Which still closed up the toils of day,
And made the minutes glide away ;
But now I have no Mug to drink,
Nor scarce the power to write or think.

Assist, ye nymphs ! with wit and skill
A native of Parnassus' hill,
Who now implores the sacred Nine
To raise his thoughts in every line.
Your property is not to stint,
Or give a mug with nothing in 't.
Since bards are subject to be dry,
We beg, before our skill we try,
A draught of the Castalian spring,
To clear our pipes before we sing.

This Mug, which I lament in tears,
Hath served me well for many years.
That useful piece of furniture
Is broke and shatter'd, past all cure ;

Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken mugs have been,
Whose ruptures, cured by tinker's truss,
Are still of special use to us.

But now, alas ! 'tis all in vain
To join thy particles again.
What cost would I on thee bestow
To have thee now *in statu quo*!
Thou, Mug ! the subject of my song,
Should'st not lie still, nor empty long ;
In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
Till by degrees contracted small,
They on thy centre form a rose
So grateful to our eyes and nose,
Whose mantling juice does far outshine
The sparkling of the choicest wine.

It was a family old Mug,
At which our friends did often tug ;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Granny says, upon her truth,
A finer Mug was never bought,
Although it cost her but a groat.
The potter surely play'd his part,
For 'twas a masterpiece of art :
He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff,
To make it durable and tough :
The concave and the convex white
Appear'd most pleasing to the sight :
'Twould puzzle Euclid or Descart
To take dimensions of each part.
The base whereon it stood was round,
The rest with various shapes abound ;

THE BROKEN MUG.

A TALE.

How shall I now the Nine invoke,
Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke ?
Then let my sorrows have some vent
Proportion'd to my discontent.
In all affairs of human life,
So intermix'd with joy and strife,
My Mug still sweeten'd all my care,
My sorrows still were drowned there :
This, with an honest jolly friend,
To anxious thoughts could put an end,
Which still closed up the toils of day,
And made the minutes glide away ;
But now I have no Mug to drink,
Nor scarce the power to write or think.

Assist, ye nymphs ! with wit and skill
A native of Parnassus' hill,
Who now implores the sacred Nine
To raise his thoughts in every line.
Your property is not to stint,
Or give a mug with nothing in 't.
Since bards are subject to be dry,
We beg, before our skill we try,
A draught of the Castalian spring,
To clear our pipes before we sing.

This Mug, which I lament in tears,
Hath served me well for many years.
That useful piece of furniture
Is broke and shatter'd, past all cure ;

Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken mugs have been,
Whose ruptures, cured by tinker's truss,
Are still of special use to us.

But now, alas ! 'tis all in vain
To join thy particles again.
What cost would I on thee bestow
To have thee now *in statu quo*!
Thou, Mug ! the subject of my song,
Should'st not lie still, nor empty long ;
In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
Till by degrees contracted small,
They on thy centre form a rose
So grateful to our eyes and nose,
Whose mantling juice does far outshine
The sparkling of the choicest wine.

It was a family old Mug,
At which our friends did often tug ;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Granny says, upon her truth,
A finer Mug was never bought,
Although it cost her but a groat.
The potter surely play'd his part,
For 'twas a masterpiece of art :
He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff,
To make it durable and tough :
The concave and the convex white
Appear'd most pleasing to the sight :
'Twould puzzle Euclid or Descart
To take dimensions of each part.
The base whereon it stood was round,
The rest with various shapes abound ;

Not truly spherical or conic,
Cylindrical nor parabolic ;
All from the bottom to the ear
Was like the *frustum* of a sphere ;
The rest much like that of a cone,
To which was fixed one ear alone ;
Though one should think another lug
Might well become so large a Mug.

But be it known unto you, sirs,
Some modern wise geometers
Thought it a surer way and quicker,
To fill the Mug with humming liquor,
Then handing it from north to south,
They took the gauge by word of mouth ;
For when it went full nine times round,
By long experience they found
It held two quarts by estimation,
And some few tenths by calculation.
Then to complete what they begun
They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
And in a minute would descry
Their several inches wet or dry.
They estimated near enough
A conic or cylindric hoof ;
Whene'er the Mug was on a stoop,
They told the ullage, to a sup.

It served a double 'prenticeship,
And never got a crack or slip,
Until by chance the other day,
(To show the frailty of our clay)
It got a most unlucky fall,
Which may be warning to us all ;
For let us live to Nestor's age ;
We must at last go off the stage.

'Twas made in Anna's glorious reign,
And always kept both sweet and clean ;
Her health was often drank thereout,
In March or in October stout.
It went about just with the sun,
And in a circle still did run.
'Twould drain a cellar e'er so deep,
And from an inundation keep
That quarter of the town, you know,
Where high spring tides do overflow ;
For in a day it would exhale
The Lord knows how much beer or ale.
Nor could it lose its virtue quite
Till it was nine or ten at night.
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about,
And had its periodic times
As regular as Christ-church chimes.
Then by nocturnal observation,
We found its virtue and pulsation ;
(When like the sea it ebb'd and flow'd)
Its various operations show'd,
And different influence on men,
About the hours of eight or ten.

'Twas on a day, some friends and I
Were seated on Parnassus high :
My friends began to hem and cough,
With voices hoarse and very rough,
By long debating *pro* and *con*
Whether the earth moved or the sun ?
Who writ the best philosophy
Copernicus or Ptolemy ?
Whether they were not both outdone
By Newton's Principles alone ?

Though now the mode, 'tis not my way
To entertain my friends with tea,
We bards don't love our drink too new,
Nor can we spare the time to brew :
We use no tea nor coffee here,
They're both insipid, and too dear ;
They never can clear up the brain,
Or put us in a merry vein :
To some they give ill-natured fits,
While base detractors pass for wits ;
From whose vile censure who is free ?
All suffer by their rash decree.
I guess'd my brother bards were dry,
Then begged a nymph who lives hard by
To haste to Helicon in haste,
And bring the Mug full of the best.
In haste as she tripped down the stairs
With graceful air, but unawares,
Precipitating on her hoop,
As she ran downwards made her stoop ;
Down fell the nymph, the Mug, and all,
The loss was great, and great the fall ;
The nymph return'd with nimble foot,
But got her finger sorely cut.
The tidings told with panting breath,
How she escaped a sudden death,
The shatter'd limbs—Oh dire mishap !
She brought up gather'd in her lap,
With fractures of the Mug so small,
No art could ere cement them all.
Thou best of Mugs ! adieu, adieu !
Since I am doom'd to follow you ;
I am but clay, and so wert thou :
When I go off, or where, or how,

I cannot tell : but still must strive
To keep this microcosm alive ;
To wet my clay as it grows dry,
Lest it should into atoms fly.

ON
PADDY'S CHARACTER
OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

As a thorn-bush or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens entertainment there ;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set for a sign of wit within :
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse-bush for spite,
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn ;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now to exemplify this moral ;
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But like a girl's cockade, was tied
A trophy on his temple side)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Medley's model ;
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle ;

Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose;
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teased by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hoped to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined,
As rational, the humankind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum,
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must, in spite of them, maintain
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boasted lord of Nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est animo brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute?

Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court :
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe ;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob :
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row :
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape ;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion ;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses :
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state ;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care,
He in his turn finds imitators ;
At court the porters, lackeys, waiters,

Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH ! heavenly born ! in deepest dells
If fairest Science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave,
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flowery carpets lave ;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the silvan scenes
 With scientific light ;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Though wrapp'd from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess ! yet the way explore,
With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd,
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired, to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
 Of mad Opinion's maze ;
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty ! the cause
 That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astrea gild the the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng !
Bring sweet Philosophy along
In metaphysic dreams :
While raptured bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom, with malignant hand,
To curse some other destined land
By Folly led astray :
Ierne bear on azure wing ;
Energetic let her soar and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a Puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to Puppets paid ;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priests and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame ;
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead have confess'd ;
Powel and Stretch¹ the hint pursue :
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea hath proved
On that famed theatre the Alley,
Where thousands, by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now ;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear :
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within ;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

¹ Two puppet-show men.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
 And timber as a lord take place ;
 A statue may put on a frown,
 And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
 And made to act for ends unknown ;
 By the mere spring of wires they play,
 And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas ! a scolding wife
 Usurps a jolly fellow's throne,
 And many drink the cup of life
 Mix'd and imbitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue
 Of pleasure, folly, war, or love,
 This mimic race brings all to view ;
 Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on; great Stretch ! with artful hand,
 Mortals to please and to deride ;
 And when death breaks thy vital band,
 Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown ;
 Thy image shall preserve thy fame ;
 Ages to come thy worth shall own,
 Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom he draws a farce in vain,
 Before he looks in Nature's glass ;
 Puns cannot form a witty scene,
 Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
 And chatter in a mystic strain,
 Is a mere farce on flesh and blood,
 And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess'd the greater fool.

ON PSYCHE¹.

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm
place.

She gives you such plenty it puts you in pain,
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.
To oblige a good friend she will trace every
market,
It would do your heart good to see how she will
cark it:
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

¹ Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. John Sican, an eminent grocer in Dublin.

TO

**MRS. HOUGHTON, OF BOURMONT,
UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.**

YOU always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows ;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you :—
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

ON THE COLLAR OF

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this fourfooted thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER¹.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the
cow-dung ;

We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

¹ The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed, as it was written.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadley of Bangor.
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, four:
But because the three former are long ago pass'd,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere the other gets up, demands the rising blow:
Yet I know a young rogue that, thrown flat on
the field,

Would, as he lay under, cry out, 'Sirrah, yield.'
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay
'em, [Deum:

Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by outlaughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood: [good?
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own
'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty,
For were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye.
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends,
To a quarrelsome fellow cries, 'Let us be friends.'
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll use you as he did that over-grown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
And 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school till he's heaved
from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business.

September 20, 1718.

I will send you the rest when I have leisure, but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY DIFFERENT
LIBELS.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murderer in his flight ;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injured innocence escape ;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unrevenged, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? Shall Wit and Learning
choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose,
By Censure frightened out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd,
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate ?

THE
WINDSOR PROPHECY¹.

ABOUT three months ago, at Windsor, a Poor Knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case, which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it, but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W—, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are,

¹ It is well known that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishopric, which was opposed by Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the Duchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aside the nomination, which her majesty refused; but the duchess falling on her knees, and showing the following prophecy to her majesty, the bishopric was given to another. See the Poem, 'The Author on himself.'

but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all, of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

WHEN a holy black Swede¹, the son of Bob,
With a saint² at his chin and a seal³ at his fob,
Shall not see one new-year's-day in that year³
Then let old Englund make good cheer:
Windsor and Bristow then shall be
Joined together in the Low-Countree.
Then shall the tall black Deventry bird⁴
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But spight of the Harpy⁵ that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:
But Englund must cry Alack and well-a-day!
If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.

¹ Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of Utrecht.

² He was Dean of Windsor, and Lord Privy Seal.

³ There was eleven days difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland, until Sept. 2, 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1, O. S.

⁴ Earl of Nottingham.

⁵ Duke of Marlborough.

And dear Englond, if aught I understand,
 Beware of carrots from Northumberland⁶,
 Carrots sown Thynne⁷ a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in Sommer set:
 Their Conyngs⁸ mark thou, for I have been told
 They assassine when young, and poison when old.
 Root out these carrots, O thou whose name
 Is backwards and forwards always the same⁹!
 And keep close to thee always that name [same].
 Which backwards and forwards¹⁰ is almost the
 And, Englond, wouldest thou be happy still,
 Bury those carrots under a Hill¹¹.

⁶ Lady Elizabeth Percy, sole daughter and heir of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

⁷ Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, a gentleman of very great estate, married the above lady after the death of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy. Mr. Thynne was murdered by Count Coningsmark and two ruffians. The count made his escape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in Westminster Abbey erected to the memory of Mr. Thynne, upon an entablature of which this transaction of his murder is represented.

⁸ Count Coningsmark.

⁹ Anna Regina.

¹⁰ Lady Masham.

¹¹ Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

TO

THE REV. MR. DAN. JACKSON,

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON,
WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance ;
If I have well perform'd my task
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky :
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor ;
For as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before,
And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' bums,
The more they skip ;
The schoolboys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus a lean beast beneath a load

(A beast of Irish breed)

Will, in a tedious dirty road,

Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down, in vain,

And lay him flat before ye;

For soon as he gets up again

He'll strut and cry *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine he fell;

'Tis true he roar'd and cried;

But his impenetrable shell

Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,

Will clamber up a wall,

Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,

Get nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan! then, why should you or I

Attack his pericrany?

And since it is in vain to try,

We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his
horse awry, [cery;

Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sor-

But I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our
foe says,

He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses;

For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,

With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)

Yet by my description you'll find he in short is

A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise:

So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask,
can I maul

This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal ?
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS.

SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY¹.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right :
Then why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone ?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat ?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget,
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams ?
The sun, you say, his face hath kiss'd :
It has ; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends ;
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits or gilding flowers,
Nor for inspiring poets' brains
With pennyless and starveling strains ;
Not for his boasted healing art ;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart ;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles ;
Not for his prophecies in riddles ;
But for a more substantial cause ;
Apollo's patron of the laws,

¹ An elegant scholar and an eminent pleader in Dublin ; afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.

Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore.

By Phœbus an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light,
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright,
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees;
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she hath in view
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests', the lawyers' gold.
Now should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus! who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise.
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur?*

But since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake
For Paulus, and for Lindsay's sake.
By topics which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as arguments *ad hominem*;
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes:
I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conscience always free,
Provided he has got his fee.

Secure of constant peace within,
 He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
 Yet well they merit to be pitied,
 By clients always over-witted :
 And though the Gospel seems to say,
 What heavy burdens lawyers lay
 Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
 Nor lend a finger to the labour,
 Always for saving their own bacon,
 No doubt the text is here mistaken :
 The copy's false, and sense is rack'd :
 To prove it, I appeal to fact ;
 And thus by demonstration show
 What burdens lawyers undergo.

With early clients at his door,
 Though he was drunk the night before,
 And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
 The wretch must be at court by nine ;
 Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
 As ridden by a midnight hag ;
 Then from the bar harangues the bench,
 In English vile and viler French,
 And Latin, vilest of the three,
 And all for poor ten moidores' fee.
 Of paper how is he profuse !
 With periods long, in terms abstruse,
 What pains he takes to be prolix ?
 A thousand lines to stand for six ;
 Of common sense without a word in,
 And is not this a grievous burden ?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
 To fight our cause before the judge ;
 And, what is yet a greater curse,
 Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,

While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night :
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down,
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road ;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay ! 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*,
My satire may offend, 'tis true ;
However, it concerns not you.

I own there may, in every clan,
Perhaps be found one honest man ;
Yet, link them close, in this they jump,
To be but sharpers in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are ;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe,
And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense,
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes a *non lucendo*)
And wisely do as other men do ;
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit,
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard where dulness overrules
To keep good sense in crowds of fools ;

And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves,
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay ! you know what pains you take
In both, yet barely save your stake ;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters ?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool, who scrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd,
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place ;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd ;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense,
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—I, C—y, and Dick Tighe.

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle bishop ! fie for shame !
An Arian to usurp the name !
A bishop in the Isle of Saints !
How will his brethren make complaints !
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost ?

In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians ?

Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new ?
For let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence,
Of whom there are but four at most
Who know there is an Holy Ghost ;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,
And when they gave it, well 'tis known
They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop ! well he may ;
He's still a Christian more than they.

We know the subject of their quarrels ;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty ;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity ;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus,
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded ?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God ?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout ;
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us ;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em ?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum* ?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
 Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
 Or sell his children, house, and lands,
 For that one gift to lay on hands ;
 But all his gold could not avail
 To have the Spirit set to sale.
 Said surly Peter, ' Magus, prithee
 Be gone ; thy money perish with thee.'
 Were Peter now alive, perhaps
 He might have found a score of chaps,
 Could he but make his gift appear
 In rents three thousand pounds a-year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
 As not the handy work of God ;
 Though even the bishops disappointed
 Must own it made by God's anointed ;
 And well we know the congé regal
 Is more secure as well as legal,
 Because our lawyers all agree,
 That bishoprics are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse !
 How sorely I lament your loss !
 That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
 Should slip your time of dropping guineas ;
 For had you made the king your debtor,
 Your title had been so much better.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, since out it must,
 For Stella has betray'd her trust ;
 And, whispering, charged me not to say
 That Mr. Ford was born to-day ;

Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place ;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil ;
Or vex the ladies, when they know
That you are turning forty-two :
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan ;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid,
And every belle that since arose
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and p—x complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign ;
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile, or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot :
For true or false they 'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior¹.
In London, what would you do there ?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear ;

¹ Matt. Prior, Esq. with whom the Dean was intimately connected.

Nay, would it not your passion raise
 Worse than a pun or Irish phrase,
 To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
 A footboy to some rogue director ?
 To look on vice triumphant round,
 And virtue trampled on the ground ?
 Observe where bloody —— stands,
 With torturing engines in his hands ;
 Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
 Threatening the pillory and gaol.
 If this you think a pleasing scene,
 To London straight return again,
 Where, you have told us from experience,
 Are swarms of bugs and Presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
 When Fortune hither drove me first ;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor persons, names, nor places knew :
 But now I act, as other folk,
 Like prisoners when the gaol is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
 We'll make a small one here by art ;
 The difference is not much between
 St. James's-park, and Stephen's-green ;
 And Dawson-street will serve as well
 To lead you thither as Pall Mall ;
 Nor want a passage through the palace,
 To choke your sight, and raise your malice.
 The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
 Under correction, with the Thatch'd² ;
 Nor shall I, when you hither come,
 Demand a crown a quart for stum.

² A famous tavern in St. James's-street, near the palace.

Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
 Stella may vie with your Monthermer ;
 She 's now as handsome every bit,
 And has a thousand times her wit.
 The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
 Will half supply a Gay and Pope ;
 Corbet³, though yet I know his worth not,
 No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot ;
 I throw into the bargain Tim ;
 In London can you equal him ?
 What think you of my favourite clan,
 Robin and Jack⁴, and Jack and Dan ?
 Fellows of modest worth and parts,
 With cheerful looks and honest hearts.

Can you on Dublin look with scorn ;
 Yet here were you and Ormond⁵ born.

Oh ! were but you and I so wise
 To see with Robert Grattan's eyes !
 Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That literal spot, which gave him birth,
 And swears Belcamp⁶ is, to his taste,
 As fine as Hampton Court at least.
 When to your friends you would enhance
 The praise of Italy or France,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you, and submit :
 But then, to come and keep a clutter
 For this or that side of a gutter.

³ Dr. Corbet, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the death of Dr. Maturine, who succeeded Dr. Swift.

⁴ Rev. Robert and John Grattan, brothers ; John and Daniel Jackson.

⁵ James Butler, the late Duke of Ormond.

⁶ In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON. 77

To live in this or the' other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while ;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our side the Channel
In linen⁷, and on your's in flannel :
You for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we, perhaps, may wait a week :
You happy folks are sure to meet
An hundred whores in every street,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long ;
But since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what is pass'd ;
So let us now for whist prepare,
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

A PETITION TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.
BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non domus aut fundus — HOR.

IT was, my lord, the dexterous shift
Of the' other Jonathan, *viz.* Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy Dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,

⁷ In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in Ireland to bury in woollen.

Of Oxford or of Ormond's Grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a Stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton¹ requires my loyal lines;
Proud that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muse's friend,
Endear'd to Britain, and to thee,
Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea;
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
For he has saved thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
Oh, lack! my lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure,
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers;
No gay paterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen;

¹ Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Let Nature freely take her course,
 Nor fear from me ungrateful force ;
 No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the yews to antic figure ;
 A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
 In May to take the mimic fly ;
 Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples reddens to the sun ;
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For fifty turn'd, a safe retreat ;
 A little Euston may it be,
 Euston I'll carve on every tree :
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
 Will barely do ; but if your grace
 Could make them hundreds—charming place !
 Thou then wouldest show another face.

Clogher ! far north, my lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy hills, inclement skies ;
 One shivers with the Arctic wind,
 One hears the polar axis grind.
 Good John², indeed, with beef and claret
 Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And eke a soul as hospitable.
 My heart is good ; but assets fail
 To fight with storms of snow and hail :
 Besides, the country's thin of people,
 Who seldom meet but at the steeple :
 The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
 Ne'er named the thing without a frown ;
 When, much fatigued with sermon-study,
 He felt his brain grow dull and muddy,

² Dr. John Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, predecessor to Dr. Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's.

No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round ;
Sure, then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.

Ah ! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet ;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along ;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow,
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, ' Hot mutton pies !'
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunchforth was not near ;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town ;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor³ from sweet London :
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat ;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside ;
And as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and others' souls.

³ Connor is united to the bishopric of Down ; but there are two deans.

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
 Where wit in all its glory shines ;
 Where compliments, with all their pride,
 Are by their numbers dignified :
 I hope to make you yet as clean
 As that same, *viz.* St. Patrick's Dean :
 I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
 And, may be, something else withal ;
 And were you not so good a writer,
 I should present you with a mitre.
 Write worse then, if you can—be wise—
 Believe me 'tis the way to rise.
 Talk not of making of thy nest ;
 Ah ! never lay thy head to rest ;
 That head so well with wisdom fraught,
 That writes without the toil of thought :
 While others rack their busy brains,
 You are not in the least at pains.
 Down to your deanery now repair,
 And build a castle in the air ;
 I'm sure a man of your fine sense
 Can do it with a small expense :
 There your dear spouse and you together
 May breathe your bellies full of ether.
 When lady Luna is your neighbour,
 She 'll help your wife when she 's in labour,
 Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
 For she herself oft falls in pieces.

There you shall see a rareeshow,
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the Milky-way
As white as snow, as bright as day,
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole ;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain lecture ;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton pies ;
When you're advanced above Dean, *viz.*
You'll never think of Goody Griz,
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive, your wife to please :
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys ;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like stars, shall rise and set ;
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon :
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,
IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-Hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—‘ Why let him, if he will;’
And so I bid Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor, for my life, will take the hint.

But you, my dear! may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—‘ My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, sir, I know you hate a crowd.’

Or, ' Mr. Dean, I should with joy
 Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnacloy',
 Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.'

The house accounts are daily rising,
 So much his stay doth swell the bills ;
My dearest life ! it is surprising
 How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff !
 And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
 His horses, too, eat all our hay.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
 His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle-brows and eyes of wall,
 And make him soon give up the cause.

Must I be every moment chid,
 With Skinny Bonia, Snip, and Lean¹ ?
Oh ! that I could but once be rid
 Of this insulting, tyrant Dean !

¹ The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

² The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

SONGS AND BALLADS¹.

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPLIN'S,

THE SIGN OF THE DRAPIER'S HEAD IN TRUCK-STREET.

— Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

WITH brisk merry lays
We'll sing to the praise
Of that honest patriot the Drapier,
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes
With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.
A spirit divine
Ran through every line,
And made all our hearts for to caper:
He saved us our goods,
And dumfounder'd Wood's;
Then long life and health to the Drapier.
We ne'er shall forget
His judgment or wit,
But life, you must know, is a vapour;
In ages to come,
We well may presume,
They'll monuments raise to the Drapier.

¹ Some of the following Songs are evidently not of the Dean's writing; but as they bear some relation to the patriotic disputes in which he successfully engaged, they have been printed both in the English and Irish editions of his Works.

When senators meet,
They'll surely think fit
 To honour and praise the good Drapier ;
Nay, juries shall join
And sheriffs combine,
 To thank him in well-written paper.
You men of the Comb,
Come, lay by your loom,
 And go to the sign of The Drapier ;
To Taplin declare
You one and all are
 Kind, loving, good friends to his Paper.
Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
 All health to the Club and the Drapier,
Who merrily meet,
And sing in Truck-street,
 In praise of the well-written Paper.

SINCE the Drapier's set up, and Wood is cried
 down,
Let ballads be made by the bards of this town,
To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done,
Which nobody can deny, brave boys ! which no
 body can deny.
When a project to ruin this nation was laid,
To drain all our gold, and give brass in its stead,
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
His advice he address'd to men of all ranks,
Which timely supported our trade and our banks,
And no doubt the next session he'll have public
Which nobody can deny, &c. [thanks,

But who could imagine that some men in place,
Were for bringing this Drapier to shame and dis-
Because he had writ upon too nice a case? [grace,
Which no body can deny, &c.

That a judge of this country should use all his skill
To prevail on a jury for finding a bill,
And dissolve them because they thwarted his will?
Which no body can deny, &c.

In vain are all offers the Drapier to take,
This kingdom ne'er cherish'd a poisonous snake,
And informers are wretches all men will forsake,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

And for the good things he has brought to pass,
We here for a sign have set up his face,
And wish we could set up his statue in brass,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of the best,
And let the King's health be drunk by each guest,
Let it shine in his face and glow in his breast,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whose faithful report of our loyalty here
Has baffled our foes, and removed all our fear,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The Protestant interest abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and those on the Comb,
Shall be pledged by all members in this Club and
Which no body can deny, &c. [room,

Make haste, honest Taplin! and bring the' other
pot,
The Drapier's good friends must not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of a worthy Dublin Drapier
My purpose is to speak,
Who for no private interest,
But for his country's sake,
By virtuous honour led,
Egregious hazards run ;
And, so he set his country free,
Could more have undergone.

Twice was he persecuted
By traitors to the state ;
And twice, by Virtue guarded,
He did their wiles defeat :
Seek all the world about,
And you will hardly find
A man for honour to excell
Our gallant Drapier's mind.

For he was bred in Dublin,
The chief of men was he ;
From thence sent o'er to London,
A 'prentice for to be :
A banker near the court
Did like his service so,
That a warm farm in his own land
He did on him bestow.

When back again to Ireland
This worthy Drapier came,
He cast about most nobly,
To advance its wealth and fame ;
And had the simple natives
Observed his sage advice,
Their wealth and fame, some years ago,
Had reach'd above the skies.

For oft he them admonish'd
To mind the draping trade,
And wear no manufactures
But what themselves had made ;
But whilst by thoughtless mortals
His schemes neglected lay,
Some foes unto their country's weal
His person would betray.

When thus her sons turn enemies,
What nation free can last ?
And now, to quite enslave us,
A champion over pass'd,
In copper armour clad,
A Wooden tool of might,
Who by his boast of power did
All Ireland affright,

With just disdain the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
He could not hear with patience
How he our laws defied ;
Forgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
And, with resistless courage, he
This giant overthrew.

But, oh ! the cursed ingratitude
Of some ! (no matter where)
Let all their names in history
With infamy appear ;
For to reward his love,
In saving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

The Drapier at this treatment
Was not a whit dismay'd,
But for his country's safety,
More than his own, afraid ;
He bravely sent them word
He'd stand the brunt of all,
If they would but secure the land
From Wood's sad brazen thrall.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
His trade and all expose,
To save the land from foreign
And from domestic foes ;
Who, with their turn to serve,
Most basely would agree
To bring us in dependance,
Who are by nature free.

For he hath shown most clearly
We can't be free by halves,
And those to subjects subject
Can be no less than slaves.
As yet no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended sway.

Then with your constant praises
The Drapier's name adorn,
Whilst those who would betray him
Deserve the utmost scorn :
In honouring his worth
Let grateful friends be found,
And with his health, next to the king's
Let glasses go all round.

Now we're free by nature,
Let us all our power exert,
Since each human creature
May his right assert.

CHORUS.

Fill bumpers to the Drapier,
Whose convincing Paper
Set us, gloriously,
From brazen fetters free.

His warm zeal inspired us
To withstand our country's fate,
Whilst his writings fired us,
Ere it was too late.
Fill bumpers, &c.

A true Roman spirit
Fired our mighty hero's breast :
By him we inherit
What can make us bless'd.
Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus he, bright in story,
Like great Nassau once before,
Freed us all with glory,
What could mortal more ?
Fill bumpers, &c.

All friends to the Drapier,
Who revere his worthy name,
In honour to his Paper
Sing his lasting fame.
Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus, ye sons of pleasure,
Who at Taplin's weekly sing,
In alternate measure
Loudly let him ring.
Fill bumpers, &c.

WHEN Wood had like to have taken root,
And canker'd all the nation,
The Drapier soon opposed his suit,
And stemm'd his innovation.
As when by Winter's hoary chains
The meadows are involved,
When Phœbus shines upon the plains
They're by his rays dissolved ;
So when the Drapier did maintain
Our cause, to whom we're debtors,
The fire of his heroic vein
Destroy'd our brazen fettters.
Our liberty by him's restored ;
Wood's foil'd by his own rapier ;
Nor owe we more to Nassau's sword
Than to his pen and paper.
Amidst his foes, the hero (full
Of rage) outbraved the danger ;
And hence the brazen-footed bull
Was sent to rack and manger.
Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
He ne'er shall be forgotten ;
His name shall charm each listening throng,
When Wood is dead and rotten.
Let healths go round : cheer up, my boys !
And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
Devote the present time to joys—
And music, as behoves ye.

Here ; honest Taplin ! spare no man ;
 Go, fetch us t'other bottle ;
 We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
 And drink like Aristotle.

A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN IN THE TIME OF THE
 EARL OF BERKELEY'S GOVERNMENT.

MY lord, to find out who must deal,

Delivers cards about ;

But the first knave does seldom fail

To find the Doctor out.

But then his honour cried 'Gadzooks,'

And seem'd to knit his brow ;

For on a knave he never looks

But he thinks upon Jack How.

My lady, though she is no player,

Some bungling partner takes,

And wedged in corner of a chair,

Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense

For pair-royals and sequents,

But wisely cautious of her pence,

The Castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,

'I'd won it on my word,

If I had but a pair of aces,

And could pick up a third.'

But Weston has a new-cast gown
 On Sundays to be fine in,
 And if she can but win a crown,
 'Twill just new-die the lining.
 ' With these is Parson Swift,
 Not knowing how to spend his time,
 Does make a wretched shift
 To deafen them with puns and rhyme ¹.'



TO THE

TUNE OF THE CUTPURSE.

1703.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs show his talent in Latin,
 But was sorely put to 't in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in;
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,
 And so went to bed in a desperate case :
 When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle !
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

CHORUS.

Let censuring critics then think what they list on 't;
 Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

¹ Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the author's room unfinished, underwrit the last stanza, and left the paper where she had found it : which gave occasion to the following ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite
That came through the keyhole, or in at the
casement,
And it needs must be one that could both read
and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below :
Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand ;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift !
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW SONG

On a Seditious Pamphlet¹.

TO THE TUNE OF 'PACKINGTON'S POUND.'

1720.

BROCADOES, and damasks, and tabbies, and
gauzes,

Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,

Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's
Though a Printer and Dean [lover.
Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,

In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad, [on;

The Dean and his Printer then let us cry ' Fie
To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague
mad,

Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow sullen

At wearing of woollen,

And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in :

¹ Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof, which was carried on with so much violence, that Lord Chief Justice Whitshed thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire:
Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book they were in a
great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and
their daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor
linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly
maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come
off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE

People of Ireland,

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG;

SUPPOSED TO BE MADE AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY MONGER, 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
 Come leave off your jokes,
 And buy up my halfpence so fine;
 So fair and so bright,
 They'll give you delight;
 Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell, to my grief,
 As cheap as neck-beef,
 For counters at cards to your wife;
 And every day
 Your children may play
 Span-farthing, or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
 I'll teach you to buy
 A pot of good ale for a farthing:
 Come, threepence a score,
 I ask you no more,
 And a fig for the Drapier and Harding¹.

When tradesmen have gold,
 The thief will be bold

¹ The Drapier's printer.

By day and by night for to rob him :

My copper is such
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes,
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you 'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudding ;
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I 'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade² ;
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you 'll be all of a trade.

I 'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition ;
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass ;
And so I conclude my Petition.

² Two famous bankers.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD:

OR,

THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN¹ TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE.

1730.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
 A blessing upon them ! have sent us this year,
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean :
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapp'd up in crape ;
 The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife ;
 Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd
 her, [life.
 But she valued her honour much more than her
 She hustled, and struggled, and made her escape
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game ;
 And now to attack her again he prepares ;
 But the company stood in defence of the dame ;
 They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
 down stairs.
 His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
 And this was no time for committing a rape.

¹ Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practised before:
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the
grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night:
His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principle sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd
'em,
Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesiæ*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce if it please ye.
Then why should the Dean, when whores are so
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape? [cheap,

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a
guesser;

But I only behold thee in Atherton's¹ shape,
For sodomy hang'd, as thou for a rape.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again. [ters,
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so
willing;

He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling,
But here was to pay the devil and all.

His trouble and sorrows now came in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice;
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then;
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be
glad;
She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, Lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a
rape!

¹ Bishop of Waterford, sent from England 100 years ago.





Painted by W. Simpson.

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**A LOVE SONG,
IN THE MODERN TASTE.**

1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid ! o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to Art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth !
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia ! tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion ! string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo ! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto ! king of terrors !
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress ! verdant willow !
Gilding my Aurelia's brows ;
Morpheus ! hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth meander
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to Fate.

A LOVE SONG.

A PUD in is almi des ire,
 Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His mi seri ne ver at restis.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW :

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGE
 KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of 'Derry Down.'

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Done
 And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told befor
 How Bettsworth, that booby and scoundrel
 grain,
 Hath insulted us all, by insulting the Dean.
 Knock him down, down, down, knock him do

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he
grow ?

How greater's his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse ?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple his morals to show,
But where his deep law is few mortals yet know :
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause ;
Has with noise and odd gestures been prating
some years

What honester folks never durst for their ears.

Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true :
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbans the same ;
What the de'il is 't to him whence the devil they
came ?

Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
Naylor,

And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike ; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.

Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates, [rates;
Their rights ! their importance ! we'll set on new
On their tythes at half-nothing, their priesthood
at less :

What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.

He kindled as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin :
He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar ;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how
he swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Though he cringed to his Deanship in very low
strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the
shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans, whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a
sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's,
Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before ;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
A modus right fit for insulters of Deans. [grains,
Knock him down, &c.

And when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go ; they shall kiss and be
friends :
But how ?—Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake ; for a slave who will coax his su-
periors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride ?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide :
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife ;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, —keep him down.

DINGLEY AND BRENT¹.

A SONG.

To the tune of 'Ye Commons and Peers.'

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken ;
Whatever was said
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking,

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning,
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest,
Comes Dingley, and asks you, ' What was it ?'
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

¹ Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written some sarcastic verses upon Sheridan.—Dingley, Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR¹
AGAINST PEACE.

AN orator dismal of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to
their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day, like a finch.
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy.

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators! 'tis a great shame
There should be a peace, while I'm Not-in-game.
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the
duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her
clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by God, and her grace let a f—t:

¹ The Earl of Nottingham.

My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently
cramm'd,
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turncoat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories.

I answer, the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places ;
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm Not-in-
game.

When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot :
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions :
I came in without danger ; and was I to blame ?
For rather than hang I would be Not-in-game.

I swore to the queen that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life should never come over :
I made use of a trope, that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight ;
But when I thought proper I alter'd my note,
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor :
For why, I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was Not-in-game.

Now my new benefactors have brought me
about,
And I'll vote against peace with Spain, or without.
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers,
and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens,

Yet since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound;
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will never regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while Dismal's my name,
And be a true Whig while I am Not-in-game.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO BALLYSPELLIN¹,

WRITTEN BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DARE you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

How'er you bounce, I here pronounce
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours the blood,
When drank at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? as well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

¹ This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the Spa.

No subject fit to try your wit
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-Hill more beaux can kill,
Than your's at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipp'd when Sheelah stripp'd,
To wash herself our well in ;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in ;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Because he gets a few grizettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell Inn ;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet
Round all your Ballyspellin ?

We have a girl deserves an earl,
She came from Enniskellin ;
So fair so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin !

Now as I live, I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin,

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling :
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling ;
As proper quite as those you write
To force in Ballyspellin.

RIDDLES.

I.

ON A PEN. 1724¹.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall, and slender waist
On either side with fringes graced,
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd,
At head and foot my body lopp'd,
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak;
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes and not to ears.

¹ Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and sending them to him and other acquaintances, copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement, although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use.

He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies :
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust :
From me no secret he can hide ;
I see his vanity and pride,
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line ;
The lawyer must forget his pleading,
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay, man, my master, is my slave :
I give command to kill or save ;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate :
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

II.

ON GOLD.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy livery dress'd !

No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight :
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

III.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo ! here I stand with double face ;
Superior none on earth I find,
But see below me all mankind :
Yet as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look :
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.

I am a courtier in my way,
For those who raised me, I betray ;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.

By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

ON THE POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd,
And my oppression gives them rest.

Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still;
An humble hanger-on at best,
Of whom all people make a jest.

In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.

But this I know, in either case,
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have ;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win.
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led ;
I last get up, am first abed ;
Though if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V.

ON A HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care :
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown ;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face,
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine :
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and, with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide,
Nor oft can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks,
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI.

ON A CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways:

My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight,
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white,
They rise, walk round, yet never fright:
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass,
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out,
And still the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.

A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often hot and case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat,
Yet the plain squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.

I twice a-day a-hunting go,
Nor ever fail to seize my foe,
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole,
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end,
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

VII.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

1724.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man ! of all thy vain pursuits :
Take wise advice, and look behind ;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true, impartial side !
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears !

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs :
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils ;
Here with an easy search we find
The foul corruptions of mankind ;
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country sold.

This gulf insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes :
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw ;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,

Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth ;
For while the bashful silvan maid,
As half ashamed and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart ;
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offerings here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works ;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all offerings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind ;
So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forced to look another way ;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home ;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave,
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews ;
And, lo ! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls,
The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die ;

A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen,
In royal garments each was dress'd,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stripp'd,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ripp'd;
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd, here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds,
And seeks to learn the secret cause
Which alien seems from Nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new creation springs:
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men:
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

1724.

Ah, Strephon! how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embraced thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails,
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy:
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Consider, Strephon, what you do,
For should I die for love of you,

I'll haunt thy dreams a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king,
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire:
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore:
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

1725.

DEPRIVED of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind,
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground.
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.

No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand ;
I join them fairly with a ring,
Nor can our parson blame the thing ;
And though no marriage-words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke ;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol raised on high ;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial Cavaliers
To their old post restored all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X.

ON THE MOON.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine ;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain ;
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,

A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field ;
All figures heaven or earth can yield :
Like Daphne, sometimes in a tree ;
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI.

ON A CANNON.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women and pleasure of boys ;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why, then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XII.

ON THE GALLows.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
But very few are fond to enter ;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way :
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood ;
They can't come near it for their blood :

What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state,
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance ;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

XIII.

ON SNOW.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to insnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XIV.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out ;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.

I'm found almost in every garden,
 Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
 There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
 Can move an inch except I will.

XV.

ON INK.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
 The son of Pitch and gloomy Night,
 Yet all that know me will agree
 I'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar,
 And raise a virgin to the sky,
 Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter juice:
 Like milk 'tis cried about the street,
 And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power;
 For with one colour I can paint;
 I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
 Next, make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
 Provide me with but paper wings,
 And fairly show a reason why
 There should be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
 When learned doctors will dispute,
 That I should point the word of God,
 And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats,
 'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
 Nay, give their very souls away.

XVI.

ON TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

XVII.

ON THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
The' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within ;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XVIII.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind ;
Yet, among us all, no brother
Knows one title of the other.

We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark :
He 's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small ;
By us forms his laws and rules ;
He 's our master, we his tools ;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.

If wine 's bought or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can smell.

XIX.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda ! dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams :
There 's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare,

In me you see them full as white ;
The roses of your cheeks, I dare

Affirm, can't glow to more delight :
Then since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace ?

Ah, lovely nymph ! thou 'rt in thy prime,

And so am I whilst thou art here,
But soon will come the fatal time

When all we see shall disappear :
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And your's to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may ;

Treat not your lovers with disdain ;
For time with beauty flies away,

And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

XX.

ON AN ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,

Pleasing most when most I speak ;

The delight of old and young,

Though I speak without a tongue ;

Nought but one thing can confound me,

Many voices joining round me ;

Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,

Like the labourers of Babel.

Now I am a dog or cow,

I can bark or I can low ;

I can bleat or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain ;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice.
 Both are welcome, grief or joy ;
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out ;
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd can't keep me under ;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear :
 Much I dread the courtier's fate
 When his merit's out of date ;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

XXI.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please, they're great and small ;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance.
 Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gazing goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The greatest whale that swims the sea
 Does instantly my power obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies :
 The quickest ship I can surprise,
 And turn it as I have a mind,
 And move it against tide and wind :
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span ;
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant ;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain.

XXII.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

WE are little brethren twain,
 Arbiters of loss and gain ;
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone ;
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost :
 Though we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIII.

BY DR. DELANY.

INSCRIBED TO THE LADY CARTERET.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
 Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot ;
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
 Though many and various, and large and asunder.
 Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side.
 Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide ;

Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand thing
more.

All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes they say I bewitch and do harm
Though cold I inflame, and though quiet invade,
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade
A thief that has robb'd you or done you disgrace
In magical mirror I'll show you his face :
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead
Like conjurers, safe in my circle I dwell ;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in you.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye
Your riddle I spy.
I observe your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes
Is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet ;
I flatly deny it :
It wanders about,
Without stirring out ;
No passion so weak
But gives it a tweak :
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magic,

Which you say it can kill,
 Or revive at its will,
 The dead are all sound
 And revive above ground.
 After all you have writ
 It cannot be wit,
 Which plainly does follow,
 Since it flies from Apollo.
 Its cowardice such,
 It cries at a touch ;
 'Tis a perfect milksop :
 Grows drunk with a drop.
 Another great fault,
 It cannot bear salt ;
 And a hair can disarm
 It of every charm.

XXIV.

TO MY LADY CARTERET.

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
 With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught,
 For Iris, when she paints the sky,
 Can't show more different hues than I ;
 Nor can she change her form so fast ;
 I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
 I here am red, and there am green,
 A beggar there, and here a queen.
 I sometimes live in house of hair,
 And oft in hand of lady fair ;
 I please the young, I grace the old,
 And am, at once, both hot and cold.
 Say what I am then, if you can,
 And find the rhyme—and you're the man.

XXV.

ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth ;
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair ;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with smoke, and smear'd with snuff ;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye ;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race ;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold ;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal :
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart.
Various is my bulk and hue ;
Big like Bess, and small like Sue ;

Now brown and burnish'd as a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
Like Phœbus guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head:
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXVI.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name.
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen ;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear,
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost ;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air ;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone ;
All things on Earth I imitate,
Faster than Nature can create ;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear ;
A giant now, and straight an elf ;
I'm every one, but ne'er myself ;
Ne'er sad, I mourn ; ne'er glad, rejoice ;
I move my lips, but want a voice ;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die ;
Then pr'ythee tell me what am I ?

EPIGRAMS.

ON

SEEING A WORTHY PRELATE

Go out of St. Ann's Church,

IN THE TIME OF DIVINE SERVICE, TO WAIT ON HIS
GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET ON HIS ARRIVAL.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?)
kneel'd down,

But when told the Lieutenant was just come to
town,

His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his GOD to attend on his grace.

To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his lordship's promotion.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A Quibbling Epigram.

1730.

THE Thrasher Duck could o'er the queen prevail;
The proverb says, 'No fence against a flail.'
From thrashing corn he turns to thrash his brains,
For which her majesty allows him grains;
Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in thrashing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

ON

WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannons' roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears;
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

ON THE

DUKE OF CHANDOS.

JAMES BRIDGES was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke, [end.
From knowing James to say, he knows a Duke.

ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould,
Lord! how politely they can scold;
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.

WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW IN AN INN

We fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet;
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

ANOTHER.

THE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens reason's light.

WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW,

WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

THANKS to my stars I once can see
A window here from scribbling free :
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass ;
No party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the devil :
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye :
The wine is so sour
'Twill give you a scour :
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale :
The veal is such carrion
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em ;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE ! Neptune ! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will ?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home,

O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
 Half choked with dust, half drown'd with rains,
 Only your godship to implore,
 To let me kiss your other shore ?
 A boon so small ! but I may weep,
 Whilst you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life ;
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And saved him at once from the shrew and the
 rabble ;
 Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED

FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT, DESIGNED
 BY CUNNINGHAM, ON COLLEGE-GREEN, DUBLIN.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
 What added honours can the sculptor give ?
 None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
 Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend,
 And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend.
 Her mitre jealous Britain may deny ;
 That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply :
 Through life's low vale she, grateful, gave him
 bread ;
 Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

B. N.

A

FRENCH GENTLEMAN,

DINING WITH SOME COMPANY ON A FAST-DAY, CALLED FOR
 SOME BACON AND EGGS : THE REST WERE VERY ANGRY,
 AND REPROVED HIM FOR SO HEINOUS A SIN ; WHERE-
 UPON HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING LINES EXTEMPORE.

PUET en croire avec bon sens
 Qu'un lardon le mit en colere ?
 Ou, que manger un harang,
 C'est un secret pour luy plaire ?
 En sa gloire envelopé
 Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence ?
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine ?

THE

BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanced, neither side preva
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANACK-MAKER.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead: nay, more, he died
Ere he could prove the good squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed
Just as if Partridge were not dead,
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon:
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies,
And twice a year he'll cut the' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes,
From whence 'tis plain, the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;

And therefore crowns are nowadays
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays,
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.

Besides, that slow-paced sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it Boots.

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.

A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else, but leather,
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacks or shoes?

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears.
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign,

Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip, King of Greece, was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side ;
One rose a star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.

Triumphant star ! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
Torment, by p—g out their lights ;
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there :
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried ;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax ;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends ;
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art ;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife :
For want of room by Virgo's side
She'll strain a point and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between,
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does, to his best, look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes ;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week :
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in 't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could when above.

ELEGY

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. DEMAR, THE FAMOUS RICH USURER, WHO DIED THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720¹.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage hath secured the corpse of Demar ;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.

¹ This Elegy was a subject started, and partly executed, in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint, and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkes.*

Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk ;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms :
So to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went he never saw his betters ;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble
debtors ;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forced to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat :
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh, London Tavern² ! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend :
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot ;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize ;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light :
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.

³ A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now:
A dismal banker must that banker be
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

THE EPITAPH.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest,
The very chest in which they say,
His other self, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL

His grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall?
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?

Threescore, I think, is pretty high ;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die.
 This world he cumber'd long enough ;
 He burn'd his candle to the snuff ;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a stink.
 Behold his funeral appears ;
 Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that ? his friends may say
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he died.
 Come hither, all ye empty things,
 Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings,
 Who float upon the tide of state,
 Come hither, and behold your fate !
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke
 How very mean a thing's a duke ;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL GORGES AND LADY MEATH¹.

UNDER this stone lie Dick and Dolly ;
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy,
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

¹ Dorothy, Dowager of Edward Earl of Meath, was married to General Gorges in 1716, and died in 1728. Her husband survived only two days.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear,
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a-year,
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms
cross'd,
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried,
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shied some tears of salt water,
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure though gotten so late,
The son laughs that got the hard-gotten estate,
And Cuffe² grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest: *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

² Son-in-law to General Gorges.

QUIBBLING ELEGY,
ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel Fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press?
His lading little, and his ballast less,
Toss'd in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill¹ retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end he founders in the port:
With water fill'd², he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger Boat.

A post so fill'd on Nature's laws intrenches;
Benches on boats are placed, not Boats on benches:
And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot!
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack,
Had many pendents, but abhorred a Jack³.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find, at last,
That Death has overset him with a blast.

¹ Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

² It was said he died of a dropsy. .

³ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry :
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell,
A trade our Boat⁴ hath practised here so well ;
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again :
The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks ;
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's-green⁵,
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, ' Look ! here's our Boat, and there's
the pendent.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin ;
Pray, gentle folks ! forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge ! yes ; where's the blunder ?
A wooden judge is no such wonder :
And in his robes, you must agree,
No Boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller ;
In short, he was an able sculler.

⁴ In hanging people as a judge.

⁵ Where the Dublin gallows stands.

POEMS TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha' n't dispute a year or more.)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declined,
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh! would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit,
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair,
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size:
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign ;
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd ?
The house will never lose its trade ;
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact ;
An angel's face a little crack'd ;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six :)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind,
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we 'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face,
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve,
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face,
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POE

1720.

As when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised
Who bring the lime or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones ;
So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are your's.

Thou, Stella ! wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp I strung :
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts ;
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new ;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best ;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen show their trash at first)
But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,

Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes :
Should but his Muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop,
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout,
Or patch his broken stocking soles,
Or send him in a peck of coals,
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine ;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground ;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curril's Collection new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise ;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse ;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse ;
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call without our power,
They could not be insured an hour :
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root :
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Maevius, when he drain'd his skull,
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crumbo he could get ;
Had gone through all the common places
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces ;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend ;
They on no accidents depend :
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved with the lightest touch of blame ;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense ;
Perverseness is your whole defence :
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right :

Your virtues all suspended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain: for see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind,
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire,
The heat that makes the summit glow
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.

Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by Nature meant.
One passion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd,
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy,
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,

Which thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella ! for once you reason wrong ;
For should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind :
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Stay, Stella ! when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text ?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand ?
Or if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask ;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial Fate complain ;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge :
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines ;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung :

For none among the upstart race
 Of poets dare assume my place ;
 Your worth will be to them unknown,
 They must have Stellas of their own ;
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
 I dying leave the debt unpaid,
 Unless Delany, as my heir,
 Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1722.

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT
 DAY DUG UP.

RESOLVED my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think ;
 I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled ;
 Or if, with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme ;
 And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.

Forsaken by the inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine ;
 I told him what the world would say
 If Stella were unsung to-day ;
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came ;

How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,
And swear it would not always follow
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo* ;
I have assured them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove ;
But finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence ;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake ;
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle :

' Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all them,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold :
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home ;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.

' But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent,
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.

First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground ;
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould ;
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.

‘ Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies !
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire,
And Bacchus for the poets' use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.

‘ You'll find it soon, if Fate consents ;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

‘ From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
(But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees)
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.’

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ. EIGHT MILES FROM
DUBLIN.

1723.

— *Caucunque nupere volebat
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*

DON Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director;
That she might o'er the servants hector :
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price :
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn ;
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
' Dear Madam ! try this pigeon's leg ;'
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.

At last grown prouder than the devil,
 With feeding high and treatment civil,
 Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-sky began to frown,
 Poor Stella must pack off to town ;
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin ;
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To sossing in an easy chair ;
 From stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
 To piddle, like a lady breeding ;
 From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by Dingley¹ ;
 From every day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and God be thanked ;
 From, every meal, Pontack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty ;
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To visits of — — — ;
 From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean :
 From growing richer with good cheer,
 To running out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day,
 She must return to Ormond-quay.
 The coachman stopp'd, she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door.
 At coming in you saw her stoop ;
 The entry brush'd against her hoop.
 Each moment rising in her airs,
 She cursed the narrow winding stairs :

¹ The constant companion of Stella.

Began a thousand faults to spy ;
The ceiling hardly six feet high ;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
And half the chairs with broken backs ;
Her quarter's out at Lady Day,
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings, like a poor grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup,
When all the while you might remark
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on,
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest ; though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe ;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true :
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the least pretence,
Nor can be more securely placed,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little ;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, though in miniature you shine ;
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,

To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case ;
The virtue lies not in the place ;
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you,

TO STELLA,

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, BUT NOT ON
THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

MARCH 13, 1723-4.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains ?
Time was when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day ;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light ;
Ungrateful, since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave,
And when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears ;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I,
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When among scholars can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind ?

All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher ;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own ?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress ?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella ! still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again :
Meantime your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends :
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1724.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she 's past her dancing days,
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose ;
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better.

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !

Have always been confined to youth ;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.

No poet ever sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus in her prime.

At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?
Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes ;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose ;
But I'll be still your friend in prose :
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young ?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ?
That half your locks are turn'd to grey ?—
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown ;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,

And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass ;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit ;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see :
Oh, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf and mend my sight !

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept, for once, some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is pass'd.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave,
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragged from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice, in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;

Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind ?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago ?
And had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain ?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action pass'd,
And still continued by the last ?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end ?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart :
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face,
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on :
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends ;
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.

Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your sufferings share,
 Or give my scrap of life to you,
 And think it far beneath your due ;
 You to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

TO STELLA,
 VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS,

OCTOBER, 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
 Was more than for her sex was fit,
 And that her beauty, soon or late,
 Might breed confusion in the state,
 In high concern for humankind,
 Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But (not in wranglings to engage
 With such a stupid vicious age)
 If honour I would here define ;
 It answers faith in things divine.
 As natural life the body warms,
 And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
 So honour animates the whole,
 And is the spirit of the soul.
 Those numerous virtues which the tribe
 Of tedious moralists describe,
 And by such various titles call,
 True honour comprehends them all.
 Let melancholy rule supreme,
 Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
 It makes no difference in the case,
 Nor is complexion honour's place,

But lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake,
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet,
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation,
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside ;
Ask no advice, but think alone ;
Suppose the question not your own :
How shall I act ? is not the case,
But how would Brutus in my place ?
In such a cause would Cato bleed ?
And how would Socrates proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind ;
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipp'd with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word ;

The world shall in its atoms end
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best.
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind !
Base kings and ministers of state
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears ;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start,
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.

Say, Stella ! was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul ;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay :

To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride ?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face, and inward grief :
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd,
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes :
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard, she moves about my bed :
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught,
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends ! beware ;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger your's ;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd,

A RECEIPT
TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain :
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone,
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew ;
And as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies :
Without an ounce of last year's flesh,
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh,
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow ?
'Tis just the case ; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca Down¹ to graze,

¹ Dr. Sheridan's house, forty miles from Dublin.

Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair :
The nutriment will, from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin ;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood ;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name ;
For what was ever understood
By humankind but flesh and blood ?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you ;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass ;
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o'quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case ;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away ;
The squires, in scorn, will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse ;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

IMITATIONS,

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER. OUT OF PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Lib. x. c. 67. and Lib. xxix. c. 4.

1706.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;
As pyes and daws are often styled
With Christian nicknames like a child;
As we say Monsieur to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes' titles heretofore;
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit;
For what is understood by fame,
Besides the getting of a name?
But e'er since men invented guns
A different way their fancy runs.
To paint a hero we inquire
For something that will conquer fire.

Would you describe Turenne or Trump,
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are these too low?—then find out grander;
Call my Lord Cutts a salamander.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judged by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train,
But loathsome spots his body stain;
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air, and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a salamander!

Further, we are by Pliny told
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage, or lust, or both)

Of matter purulent and white,
 Which happening on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound,
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
 Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
 And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
 Like Charleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon would find the same effects
 Her tainted carcass to pursue,
 As from the Salamander's spew ;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a p—x.

Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
 If this be not a Salamander.

DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS,

1712.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
 While rain depends the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.

A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage :
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen,
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.

Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope ;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods, then turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life ;
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat, where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.

Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy's chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen run them through)
Laocoön struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and
smell;
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St.'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. VII. IMITATED,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

1712.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observed a parson near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face ;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen ;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord, (who, if a man may say t,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree ;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes ;

And quickly did the matter sift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, ' I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor straight and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.'

Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent,
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, ' Your servant, sir!'

' Does he refuse me? ' Harley cried:
' He does, with insolence and pride.'

Some few days after Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes,

At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out;
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse;
He never meant the least abuse—
‘ My lord, the honour you design’d—
Extremely proud, but I had dined—
I’m sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect—’
‘ Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you’ll be sure to come at four.’

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons,
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there,
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter never to reside.
‘ A Canon! that’s a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o’er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.’

Poor Swift departs ; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse ;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complete,
Devoutly lolling in his seat ;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side ;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats,
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind ;
And Parvisol discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate,
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, ' Welcome, reverend Dean ;
What makes your worship look so lean ?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown ?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.

What ! I suppose, now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye ;
 Or is your money out at use ?—
 'Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
 (The Doctor in a passion cried)
 Your raillery is misapplied :
 Experience I have dearly bought ;
 You know I am not worth a groat :
 But 'tis a folly to contest
 When you resolve to have your jest ;
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.'

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

PART OF IT IMITATED.

1713.

I 'VE often wish'd, that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
 I ask not to increase my store,
 But should be perfectly content,
 Could I but live on this side Trent,
 Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown ;

‘ Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse.’

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne’er think of these;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money’s found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne’er consider’d yet.

‘ Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you’re come to town.’
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm’d by a triple circle round,
Chequer’d with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex’d,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
‘ I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.’

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
‘ So eager to express your love,
You ne’er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke:—
I own I’m pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn’d,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—

An hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone'—
'The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two'—

Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request.—
'Be satisfied, I'll do my best.'—
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the win
Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well.

‘ How think you of our friend the Dean ?
I wonder what some people mean ;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête à tête*—
What ! they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks !’
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court ;
I’m stopp’d by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street :
‘ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
Inform us, will the emperor treat ?
Or, do the prints and papers lie ?’
‘ Faith, sir, you know as much as I.’
‘ Ah ! Doctor, how you love to jest !
‘ Tis now no secret’—‘ I protest
‘ Tis one to me.’—‘ Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay ?
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss’d,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat :
Oh, could I see my country seat !
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town

TO
THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN HE WAS IN THE TOWER, BEFORE
HIS TRIAL.

OUT OF HORACE.

1716.

How bless'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies !
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back ;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky,
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward ;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd :
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me :
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked Heaven involve the just ?
And though the villain scape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

**TO LAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,
TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.**

IMITATED FROM HORACE, LIB. I. EPIST. V.

If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the Calf's-head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share,
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast confusion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk what fools call treason all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine even Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence;

Cholmly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's
place.

Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way;
If Guernsey call, send word you're gone abroad,
He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop
Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers;
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there,
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

ON NOISY TOM.

— Qui promittit, cives, urbem, sibi curæ,
 Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum;
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
 Omnes mortales curare, et quædere cogit.
 Tunc Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius, audes
 Dejicere e saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

HOR. Lib. I. Sat. vi. ver. 34—39.

TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

WHOEVER promiseth, (in the senate) to take the city (of Rome) and the citizens under his care; nay, the whole empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods; such a man compelleteth all mortals curiously to inquire from what father he sprung, and whether his mother were some obscure dis-honourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou the son of Cyrus¹, or Damas¹, or Dionysis¹, darest thou cast our citizens down the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them prisoners to Cadmus²?

PARAPHRASED.

If Noisy Tom³ should in the senate prate,
 That he would answer both for church and state,
 And, further to demonstrate his affection,
 Would take the kingdom into his protection;

¹ Usual names of slaves at Rome.

² Cadmus was a lictor, an officer who seized on criminals, like a constable or messenger of the House of Commons.

³ Sir Thomas Prendergrast.

All mortals must be curious to inquire
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire ?
 What ! thou the spawn of him ⁴ who shamed our isle,
 That traitor, assassin, informer vile.
 Though by the female side ⁵ you proudly bring,
 To mend your breed, the murderer of a king ;
 What was thy grandsire ⁶ but a mountaineer,
 Who held a cabin for ten groats a year,
 Whose master, Moore ⁷, preserved him from the
 halter,
 For stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter ?
 Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
 Thy founder's grandson ⁸, and usurp his place ?
 Just Heaven ! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ⁹.
 Then vote a worthy citizen ¹⁰ to gaol,
 In spite of justice, and refuse his bail.

⁴ The father of Sir Thomas * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III. ; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

⁵ C—d—g—n's family.

⁶ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

⁷ The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a pardon.

⁸ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell ; but Sir Thomas depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson hunters, petitioned the House against him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

⁹ ' Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat.'

¹⁰ Mr. George Faulkner, a very honest and eminent printer in Dublin, who was voted to Newgate upon a ridiculous complaint of one Sergeant Bettesworth.

PART OF ODE IX. BOOK IV. HORACE.

ADDRESSED

TO DR. WILLIAM KING,

LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Paulum sepulta, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
 Is inactivity at best,
 But never shall the Muse endure
 To let your virtues lie obscure,
 Or suffer envy to conceal
 Your labours for the public weal.
 Within your breast all wisdom lies,
 Either to govern or advise ;
 Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence awed ;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own
 Whose fortune is not overgrown ;
 And happy he who wisely knows
 To use the gift that Heaven bestows ;
 Or, if it please the powers divine,
 Can suffer want, and not repine.
 The man who, infamy to shun,
 Into the arms of Death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life his country or his friend.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise,
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims ;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head :
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier, smiling, hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes :
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got :
Nor less Tom T—dman, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees :
His fellow pick-purse watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs :
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text ;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days,
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise ;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flits from his cart the mud in Walpole's face.

Weary and sea-sick when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind :
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore;
They lie, alas ! too easy to be found :
For thee alone they lie the island round.

THE
POEMS
OF
William Broome, LL.D.



THE
LIFE
OF
WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.
BY
DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM BROOME was born in Cheshire, as is said, of very mean parents. Of the place of his birth, or the first part of his life, I have not been able to gain any intelligence. He was educated upon the foundation at Eton, and was captain of the school a whole year, without any vacancy, by which he might have obtained a scholarship at King's College. Being by this delay, such as is said to have happened very rarely, superannuated, he was sent to St. John's College by the contributions of his friends, where he obtained a small exhibition.

At his college he lived for some time in the same chamber with the well-known Ford, by whom I have formerly heard him described as a contracted scholar and a mere versifier, unacquainted with life, and unskilful in conversation. His addiction to metre was then such, that his companions familiarly called him Poet. When he had opportunities of mingling with

mankind, he cleared himself, as Ford likewise owned, from great part of his scholastic rust.

He appeared early in the world as a translator of the 'Iliads' into prose, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth. How their several parts were distributed is not known. This is the translation of which Ozell boasted as superior, in Toland's opinion, to that of Pope: it has long since vanished, and is now in no danger from the critics.

He was introduced to Mr. Pope, who was then visiting Sir John Cotton, at Madingley, near Cambridge, and gained so much of his esteem, that he was employed, I believe, to make extracts from Eustathius for the notes of the translation of the 'Iliad'; and in the volumes of poetry published by Lintot, commonly called 'Pope's Miscellanies,' many of his early pieces were inserted.

Pope and Broome were to be yet more closely connected. When the success of the Iliad gave encouragement to a version of the Odyssey, Pope, weary of the toil, called Fenton and Broome to his assistance; and, taking only half the work upon himself, divided the other half between his partners, giving four books to Fenton, and eight to Broome: Fenton's books I have enumerated in his life; to the lot of Broome fell the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, together with the burthen of writing all the notes.

As this translation is a very important event in poetical history, the reader has a right to know upon what grounds I establish my narration. That the version was not wholly Pope's, was always known; he had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals, and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts, which however mentions only five books as written by the coadjutors; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton; the sixth, the eleventh, and the eighteenth,

by himself; though Pope, in an advertisement pre-fixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve. A natural curiosity, after the real conduct of so great an undertaking, incited me once to inquire of Dr. Warburton, who told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note "a lie;" but that he was not able to ascertain the several shares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me, I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends, which amounted to one hundred more. The payment made to Fenton I know not but by hearsay; Broome's is very distinctly told by Pope, in the notes to the *Dunciad*.

It is evident, that, according to Pope's own estimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit three hundred pounds, eight and all the notes, equivalent at least to four, had certainly a right to more than six.

Broome probably considered himself as injured, and there was for some time more than coldness between him and his employer. He always spoke of Pope as too much a lover of money; and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility; for he not only named him disrespectfully in the '*Dunciad*,' but quoted him more than once in the '*Bathos*,' as a proficient in the '*Art of Sinking*;' and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among "the parrots, who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tune as makes them seem their own." I have been told that they were afterwards reconciled; but I am afraid their peace was without friendship.

He afterwards published a **Miscellany of Poems**, which is inserted, with corrections, in the late compilation.

He never rose to a very high dignity in the church. He was some time rector of Sturston, in Suffolk, where he married a wealthy widow: and afterwards, when the king visited Cambridge, (1728) became Doctor of Laws. He was (in August, 1728) presented by the crown to the rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, which he held with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by the lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the vicarage of Eye, in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the other two.

Towards the close of his life he grew again poetical, and amused himself with translating **Odes of Anacreon**, which he published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' under the name of Chester.

He died at Bath, November 16, 1745, and was buried in the Abbey Church.

Of Broome, though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unsuitable; in his 'Melancholy,' he makes *breath rhyme to birth* in one place, and to *earth* in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such power of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but, in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recall the verses of some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers, for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment; and sometimes he picks up fragments in obscure corners. His lines to Fenton,

Serene, the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions objects of a smile,

brought to my mind some lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I should not have expected to find an imitator;

But thou, O Muse! whose sweet nepenthean tongue
Can charm the pangs of death with deathless song,
Canst *stinging plagues* with easy thoughts beguile,
Make pains and tortures *objects of a smile*.

To detect his imitations were tedious and useless. What he takes he seldom makes worse; and he cannot be justly thought a mean man, whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich :

Pope came off clean with Homer ; but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.



POEMS
OF
WILLIAM BROOME, LL.D.

TO BELINDA,
ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before !
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please :
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms ;
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.

But see ! the pain begins to fly ;
Though Venus bled, she could not die :
See ! the new phœnix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise :
Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
Draw beauties from the' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye hours, which thus repay
What envious sickness stole away !
Welcome, as those which kindly bring,
And usher in the joyous spring ;

That to the smiling earth restore
 The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
 And give her all the charms she lost
 By wintry storms, and hoary frost !

And yet how well did she sustain,
 And greatly triumph o'er her pain !
 So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
 Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
 New blushest glow, new lightnings rise ;
 Behold a thousand charms succeed,
 For which a thousand hearts must bleed !
 Brighter from her disease she shines,
 As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
 Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs ;
 When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
 Resign us to our second birth :
 Our moulder'd frame rebuilt assumes
 New beauty, and for ever blooms ;
 And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
 We angels rise, who mortals died.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND
 FLOWERS.

THE lovely Flora paints the earth,
 And calls the morning flowers to birth :
 But you display a power more great ;
 She calls forth flowers, but you create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes ;
"Tis beauteous all—and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms ?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy !
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight !
The flowers attract, the arms affright ;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown ;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

MELANCHOLY.

An Ode.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

1723.

ADIEU, vain mirth, and noisy joys !
Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train !

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful shades embrown the woods,
Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wanderest silent and alone;

Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad;
Henceforth, thou, care, my hours employ!
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk;
While to my sighs and groans, by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Thou earth, conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound;
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!

O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
Swift as the short-lived flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath;
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice ;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost ;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

O happiness, thou empty name !
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame ?
What art thou, gold, but shining earth ?
Thou, common fame, but common breath ?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise ;
Even victors are by conquest cursed,
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show !
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow :
Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue
Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu !

AN EPISTLE
TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,
AUTHOR OF MARIANNE, A TRAGEDY.

1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike the' harmonious shell,
Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
If thy proud Muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
If by thy hand the' Homeric lyre be strung,
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay;
Then listening groves once more shall catch the
sound,
While Grecian Muses sing on British ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus roves
Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
But when, emerging from the azure main,
Coercive bands the' unwilling God constrain,
Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
And his tongue speaks sublime, what heaven in-
spires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
Whateven fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules,
Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And rises amid monsters into day.

Oh, vileness of mankind ! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel !
While noble scorn, my friend, such insult sees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
That make the' unhappy great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness, and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, Heaven, but goodness grant !
A king is less illustrious than a saint;
Hail, holy Virtue ! come, thou heavenly guest !
Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast !
Thou know'st her influence, friend ! thy cheerful
Proclaims the innocence and peace within ; [mien
Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar, as a friend, with God !
Celestial radiance every feature shed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what the' unthinking great mistaken call
Their happiness, is folly, folly all !
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride ;
And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend !
An angel fallen, degenerates to a fiend :
The' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines :
Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines.
Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast ?
Not that he 's highest, but because he 's best ;
Fond to oblige ; in blessing others, bless'd.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontroll'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold !
The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares ;
Blindly he courts, misguid'd by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill :
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main ;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates the' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind ;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O Heaven ! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd !
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in Paradise :
Doom'd, when enlarged, instead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers ;
Between the' extremes, direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray !

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
Rich without bounty, with abundance cursed ;
The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
And buys dishonour at a mighty price ;
On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
While starving Merit unregarded weeps :
His ill-placed bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives ;
And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

Then would'st thou steer where fortune spreads
the sails ?
Go, flatter vice ! for seldom flattery fails ;

Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distils :
Delicious poison ! in perfumes it kills !
Be all but virtuous : Oh ! unwise to live
Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive !
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
Bless'd with the conscience of a life well spent !
Nor would'st be great ; but guide thy gather'd sails
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales ;
For sure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great.
Superior woes, superior stations bring :
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king :
Who reigns, must suffer ! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head :
Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the earth, the pageants of a day !
There no distinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on earth before :
Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more !
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead ;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals must with Hanmer die :
O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine !
Till that last hour which calls me hence away,
To pay that great arrear, which all must pay ;
Oh ! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before the all-seeing God !
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.

Come, taste, my friend ! the joys retirement brings,
 Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
 More happy ! laid where trees with trees entwined
 In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
 With innocence and shade like Adam bless'd,
 While a new Eden opens in the breast !
 Such were the scenes descending angels trod
 In guiltless days, when man conversed with God,
 Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
 Inspired by Homer, or what thou hast sung :
 My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray ;
 As clouds are brighten'd by the god of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refined,
 With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
 High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,
 BARON OF EYRE,

WARDEN, CHIEF JUSTICE, AND JUSTICE IN EYRE OF ALL HIS
 MAJESTY'S FORESTS, CHASES, PARKS, AND WARRENS, ON
 THE SOUTH SIDE OF TRENT.

— δωρον τοι τετο διδω μι
 Μηνμα —

Odyssey, Lib. 15.

O THOU whose virtues sanctify thy state !
 O great, without the vices of the great !
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act, with elegance and ease !

Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
 Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
 Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
 And sing to thee, who gavest me ease to sing¹?
 Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove;
 Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove;
 And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows,
 And, gracious, what his suppliants ask, bestows:
 So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
 And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
 The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
 Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
 Shoots from the earth, nor fears the' inclement
 And when the fury of the storm is laid, [shower;
 Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
 The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
 Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains toss'd,
 Ere they are saved must almost first be lost;
 But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
 He gives by halves, who hesitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distress'd,
 He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
 Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
 And, pleased to save, on wings of lightning flies.

Some the vain promises of courts betray;
 And, gaily straying, they are pleased to stray;
 The flattering Nothing still deludes their eyes,
 Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
 As perspectives present the object nigh,
 Though far removed from the mistaking eye;

¹ The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the author to the rector of Fulham.

Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive.
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleased he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray;
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain :
At length when years invidiously destroy
The power to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden showers,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep ;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead :
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste, profusely, floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !
The winter's pass'd, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;

The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring :
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers ;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are clothed with green, or swell with buds ;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

Thou beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast ;
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !
Arise, ye flowery race, arise !
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day :
That miracle of face must fail ;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail :
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die :
Though sickness yet awhile forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name :
Time must indent that heavenly brow !
And thou must be, what they are now.
This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

THE COY.

An Ode.

LOVE is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste ;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits and despairs.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows :
The tears deceive, the vows betray ;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smiled at the terrors of the fight :
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tired travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair, that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind, when most you love :
Damon pursues, if Celia flies ;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danæ the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfined as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden shower.

TO MR. POPE,
ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
And speaking marble, to record their praise ;
Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing stone ;
Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day !
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise ;
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust ;
Nor till the volumes of the' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die ;
When sink together in the world's last fires
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead ;
Shakspeare, rejoice ! his hand thy page refines,
Now every scene with native brightness shines ;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ;
Pruned by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow. [vades,

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael ! time in-
And the bold figure from the canvass fades ;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
Transported, we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untuned had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire !

This you beheld ; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now, waked from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns ;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky ;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the god in fight :
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends the' infernal shores ;
Tremble the towers of heaven ; earth rocks her
coasts ;
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay ;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play :
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string !
When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to
shove, [move :
The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce
But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the
ground :
Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky :
Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way ;

And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without grovelling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard, awake the' harmonious
string;

Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing !
Even I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflamed by thee, attempt a nobler strain,
Adventurous waken the Mæonian¹ lyre,
Tuned by your hand, and sing as you inspire :
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendship ! and I boast my name
To thine united ; for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand², and all the hero lost ;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old age disgraced the honours of his head ;
Nor longer in his heavy eyeball shined
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind :
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold :
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a god he moves.

This labour pass'd, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing ;
To hear from earth such heartfelt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe the' unerring laws ;

¹ The author translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

² See the 16th *Odyssey*, ver. 186, and 476.

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Even fiends, relenting, hear their rage away.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

‘TWAS sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is raised by poet’s rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles—in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes:
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doting rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon’s bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients’ purses,

As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who, by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid :
Licensed to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play ;
An idle crew ! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard ! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care :
Alas ! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil.
Could you like Phoebus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain ;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers, in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envied prize, a name ;
Great recompense ! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the gaol ?—

Thus the brave soldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praise and aching scars :
Is paid with fame and wooden legs ;
And, starved, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth in beauty boast,
S——n at thirty reigns a toast;
And like the sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

The hand of Time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament and use;
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT TREFUSIS,

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud ! when time shall stretch thy span,

Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but use !

Even now thy spring a rich increase prepares
To crown thy riper growth and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies ;

The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swollen cells, replete with future trees ;
By time evolved, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn !
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day !
With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show :
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days !
Those fools admire—these heaven and angels
praise !

With riches bless'd, to heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend :
Bid virtuous sorrow smile, scorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear. ~
Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
And give unpraised, because they give for show :
To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy :
Thus offerings from the' unjust pollute the skies,
The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
The structures rise responsive to the thought ;

A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a god a temple stands :
Such is thy rising frame ! by Heaven design'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind ;
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of Heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy !
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy !
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boast to look like thee !
When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his smiles, and such his winning air :
Even Venus might mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son ;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid graced with Cytheræa's eyes !

Yet ah ! how short a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee !
Pass a few days, and all those beauties fly !
Pass a few years, and thou, alas ! shalt die !
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
With tears, what now thou art, and they must be ;
A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore !
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more !

But oh ! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence !
When pregnant as the womb the teeming earth
Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise clothed with beauties that shall never die !
A saint on earth ! an angel in the sky !

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O ! wondrous art, that grace to shadows gives !
 By whose command the lovely phantom lives !
 Smiles with her smiles ! the mimic eye instils
 A real frame ! the fancy'd lightning kills !
 Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
 And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
 Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years ;
 By age uninjured, future times adorn,
 And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
 Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
 Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die :
 How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
 The paint could show the wonders of thy mind !

O virgin ! born the' admiring world to grace !
 Transmit thy excellence to latest days ;
 Yield to thy lover's vows ! and then shall rise
 A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes ;
 Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall save
 That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms
 When all her fading beauties die away ; [decay,
 A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
 With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.

But ah ! how short a date on earth is given
 To the most lovely workmanship of Heaven !
 Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
 And those love-darting eyes forget to shine !
 While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
 What once was you—now only beauteous clay !

Even from the canvass shall thy image fade,
And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade :
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty—such as thou art now !
May it the graces of thy soul display,
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay ;
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mouldering waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay ;
The Muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
Or wakes the prosperous villain into shame ;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years ;
A name ! enlarged with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on a throne :
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's seat,
A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state !
But such the curse that from ambition springs,
For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings !
But now, reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien ;
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess :
From lust of power to jealous fury toss'd,
We see the tyrant in the lover lost.

O ! Love, thou source of mighty joy or woe !
Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe !
Fantastic power ! what rage thy darts inspire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire !
Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove ;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love !
Yet, if condemn'd, he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injured Mariamne rise !
No fancy'd tale ! our opening scenes disclose
Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears ;
By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace !

Small is the praise of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at best but lovely vice ;
Charms it like Venus with celestial air ?
Even Venus is but scandalously fair ;
But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise :
Beauty and virtue your protection claim ;
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

TO MR. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings ;
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught ;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Raised every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the saint began ;
His wondrous pencil dipp'd in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confused it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass ;
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass :
Hence even deformity a beauty grew ;
She pleased, she charm'd, but pleased and charm'd
by you ;
Though, like Prometheus, I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffused his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain ;
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud ;
But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.

To nobler themes thy Muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and Heaven
explores.

Say, has some seraph tuned thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire ?
For sure such sounds exalt the' immortal string,
As Heaven approves, and raptured angels sing.
Ah ! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way !
Ah ! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause !

Pleased I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high throned above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies :
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God.
Be this thy praise ! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower ;
Nor dares the Muse attempt the arduous flight,
Viewing her lowness, and Parnassus' height ;
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god.

So the Cumean prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come ;
But when Apollo in her breast abode,
She heaved, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god :
Then accents more than mortal from her broke ;
And what the god inspired, the priestess spoke.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise ;
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with uncontested sway,
Like Rome's famed tyrant reigns ;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains :
Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
Busy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows ;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze bestows.
O ! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools !

Mistaken nymph ! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into shame ;
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
O ! fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like the' Egyptians, worship apes.

ON THE
 DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND,
 MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

— Calentem
 Debita sparges lacrymā favillam
 Vatis amici. HOR.

As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleased with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
 Awhile we view him in full glory dress'd ;
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way ;
 So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,
 And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet hadst thou all that virtue can bestow,
 All, the good practise, and the learned know,
 Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
 While the soul seems retiring, or retires ;
 Such transports as those saints in vision share,
 Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
 Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.

Oh ! early lost ! yet stedfast to survey
 Envy, disease, and death, without dismay ;
 Serene, the sting of pain¹ thy thoughts beguile,
 And make afflictions objects of a smile.
 So the famed patriarch, on his couch of stone,
 Enjoy'd bright visions from the' eternal throne.

¹ The gout.

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce
can please,
Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.

Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent, yet gay;
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemest mean the pageantry of kings,
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribbon, or a glittering stone,
Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise!
To live, to mortals' empty fame a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view even splendid vice with generous hate;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er the soul, and promised endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.
Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship
find
Among the treacherous race of base mankind?
Whom, whom consult in all the uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise?
O friend! O falling in thy strength of years!
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!

O woods ! O wilds ! O every bowery shade !
 So often vocal by his music made,
 Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
 And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn !—
 Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
 To heaven, and left vain man for saints and God ?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
 A thousand wonders glorious to behold ;
 And here or there, as the machine extends,
 A hero rises, or a god descends :
 But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
 Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.

Where were ye, Muses, by what fountain side,
 What river sporting, when your favourite died ?
 He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
 Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods,
 Nor deign'd but to high themes² to tune the string,
 To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing ;
 Unlike those bards, who, uninform'd to play,
 Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay :
 Each line display'd united strength and ease,
 Form'd like his manners to instruct and please.
 So herbs of balmy excellence produce
 A blooming flower and salutary juice :
 And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
 Usefully gay ! at once it charms and heals.

Transcend even after death, ye great, in show ;
 Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe ;
 Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
 And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes ;
 While here sincerity of grief appears,
 Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears !
 While, tired of life, we but consent to live,
 To show the world how really we grieve !

² Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

As some fond sire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort, makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious
showers :

Such heartfelt pangs on thy sad bier attend ;
Companion ! brother ! all in one—my friend !
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air ; but common water, tears :
The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show,
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands ;
From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise :
Unconscious ! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent visits tell ;
Thou court, where God himself delights to dwell ;
Thou mystic table, and thou holy feast,
How often have ye seen the sacred guest !
How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed !
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead !
While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
As, when they hymn the Almighty, charm the skies !
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, subsists thy gentle shade ?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleased, high o'er stars, from world to world to fly !
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze ?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled ?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,

Where raptured saints unfading crowns inwreath,
 Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death ?
 O ! may the thought his friend's devotion raise !
 O ! may he imitate, as well as praise !
 Awake, my heavy soul ! and upward fly,
 Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
 And ask the certain way to rise as high.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I PREFIX your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on Death long survive my own ! and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τις οὐδεν εἰ το ζῆν μεν εῖτι κατθανεῖν,
 Το κατθανεῖν δε ζῆν ; EURIP.

Oh ! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day !
 A thousand ways, alas ! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread.

See ! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose !
High on a trophy, raised of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchralstones,
In horrid state she reigns ! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming
burns,
O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns ;
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons
spread

An idle pomp around the silent dead :
Unawed by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings :
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow :
The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves :
Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky ;
The ground perverse, though bare and barren,
breeds

All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds ;
But, blasted frequent by the' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores :
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Disease walk hand in hand :
These, Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguined sword, and heaven blas-
phemes.

There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.

There Sorrow droops his ever pensive head,
And Care still tosses on his iron bed :

Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye
With folded arms : with every breath a sigh.

Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood ;

And Murder rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,

Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train !
These and a thousand more the fiend surround,

Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.

O heavens ! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man your favourite dies ?

Oh ! for Elijah's car, to wing my way

O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day !

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead !
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
And all must bear, that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo ! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air ;
And swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven !
A dazzling brightness in resplendent streams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams
His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day :
A robe of light condensed around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone ;

And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe : [lot,
‘ Vain man ! would’st thou escape the common
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot ?
Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
All, all are pass’d ! a mighty void appears !
Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Awed half the nations, now are but a name !
The great in arts or arms, the wise the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust !
Even saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God !
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly ?
Moses is dead ! The Saviour deign’d to die !
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end ; [friend :
Live well the time thou livest, and Death’s thy
Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign’d, O man ordain’d to die !’

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish’d instant in a blaze of light.

Abash’d, ashamed, I cry, ‘ Eternal Power !
I yield ! I wait, resign’d, the’ appointed hour !
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive ;
To die, is but the surest way to live !
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long ;
The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity and length of pain.
What art thou, Life, that we should court thy stay ?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away
A short-lived flower, that with the day must fade !
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade !
A stream that silently, but swiftly, glides
To meet eternity’s immeasured tides !

A being, lost alike by pain or joy ;
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy !
Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
Commenced in tears, and ended in a groan !
Even while I write, the transient NOW is pass'd,
And death more near this sentence than the last !
As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
At once they close, at once it disappears :
Such, such is life ! the mark of misery placed
Between two worlds, the future and the past ;
To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,
It sinks, the frail possession of a day !

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour ;
Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,
He styles the mimic cells imperial domes ;
The little monarch swells with fancied sway,
Till some wind, rising, puffs the dome away :
So the poor reptile, man ! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show ;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise !
The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.
Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate ;
His sole distinction now, to rot in state !
Thus busy to no end, till, out of breath,
Tired we lie down, and close up all in death. [led

Then bless'd the man whom gracious Heaven has
Through life's blind mazes to the' immortal dead !
Who, safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels, nor frailty, more !
O Death ! thou cure of all our idle strife ;
End of the gay or serious farce of life :

Wish of the just, and refuge of the' oppress'd;
Where poverty, and where even kings find rest !
Safe from the frowns of power, calm thoughtful hate,
And the rude insults of the scornful great.

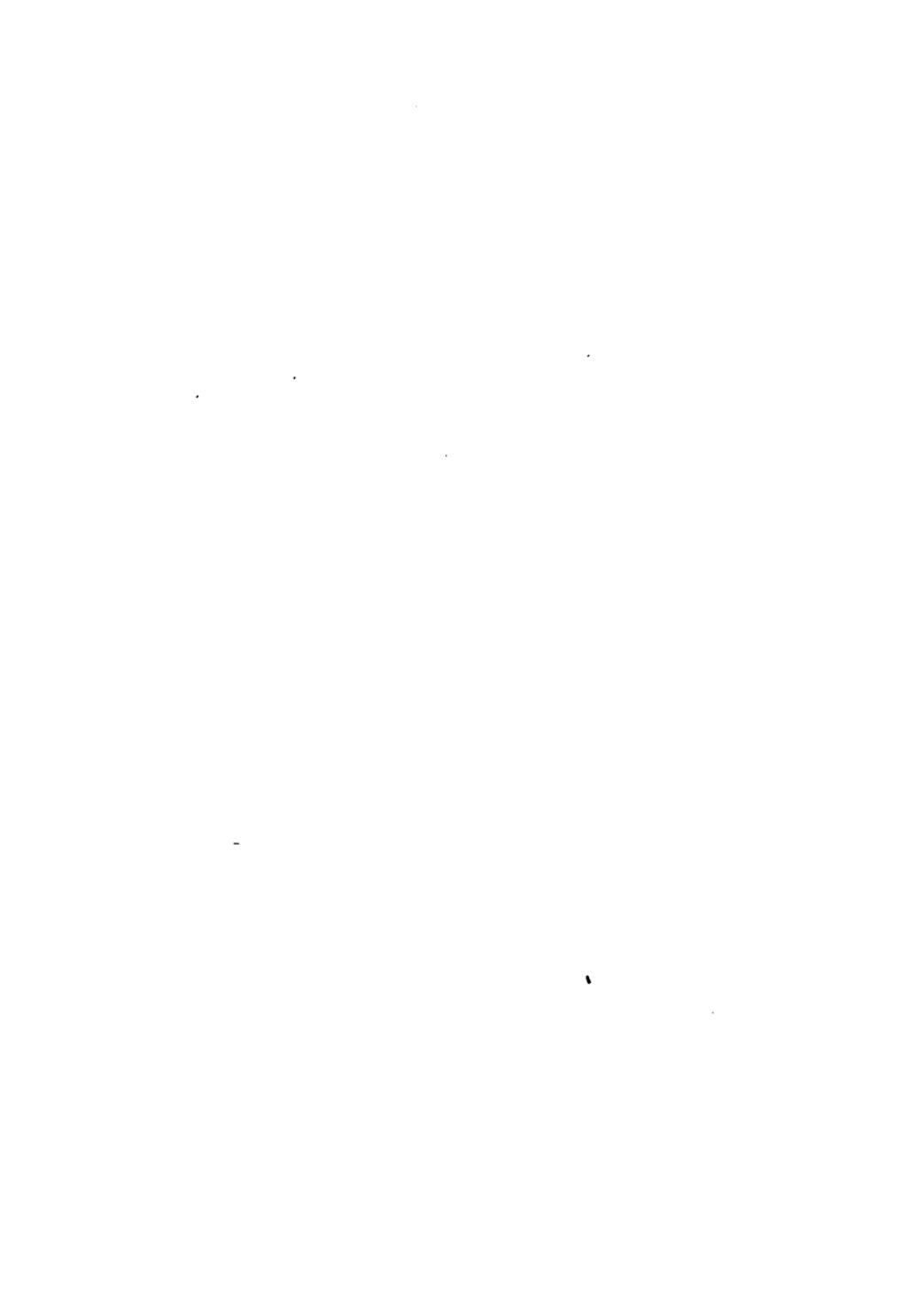
The grave is sacred ! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead ;
But Life, thy name is Woe ! to Death we fly
To grow immortal—into life we die !

Then wisely Heaven in silence has confined
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all the' expanse of air ;
Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

So when the sun rolls down the' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendours in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclipsed in horrors of surrounding shades,
But soon emerging with a fresher ray,
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

END OF VOL. XXXIV.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



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